

The new  
gold rush

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's



JANUARY 14, 1980

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RYAN'S  
NATIONAL  
DREAM**





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# CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE Maclean's

JANUARY 14, 1980

VOL. 93 NO. 2



## Attacking Irish myths

Conor Cruise O'Brien renounces myths about the future of his homeland. The road of Ireland appears to be going wide to a new questioning of a tradition of violence. **Page 12**

## Beginner's luck

Ordy Jensen has one season left in the modelling course she was taking when she landed her first role in an indie picture. But she doesn't go to remain lipcast. **Page 34**



## COVER STORY

### Ryan's national dream

His architect's plans for Quebec are more ambitious—and disturbing—than either Trudeau's or Levesque's. Claude Ryan's solution for the referendum advice: a radical movement and important sacrifices of power to Quebec. His platform is due to be made public this week. Ryan's ability to wear down his opponents with sound reasoning may be the key to getting both sides to the bargaining table. **Page 16**



## Death for dévotion?

The threat of another cold war loomed as the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan dealt a crushing blow to détente. A banquet Jimmy Carter promised seemed counterproductive. **Page 27**

## The new gold rush

Frenzied investors and panic buying at world gold markets paid previous metal prices to record highs. International political uncertainties, as well as inflation, are to blame. **Page 38**



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## Editorial

# Claude Ryan's master plan can cure a century of ills

By Peter C. Newman

**T**he worst thing that could happen to Claude Ryan's new manifesto would be its interpretation by English Canada as championing any so-called "third option"—the attempt to define that mythical middle ground between the status quo and René Lévesque's caricatured but unrelenting determination to take Quebec out of Confederation. It is no such thing. Canadians have two, not three options: either to fulfil the Parti Québécois' crazy dream of an independent Quebec, to follow the kind of orderly and rational process of devolution now proposed by Ryan. Any hope of breathing life into the status quo has long been a dead issue.

In its way, the document demonstrates how subtle a politician the former *Le Devoir* publisher has become. He has shifted the onus of resolving Quebec's internal crisis squarely to the minds and hearts of English Canadians. "Ryan's challenge to Canada is simple," notes David Thomas, *Maclean's* Quebec bureau chief. "Either the English-speaking provinces accept the general principles of his far-reaching plans for constitutional reform, or they leave him to founder alone in the referendum battle." Ryan expands on this theme on page 18. "We've got to have some positive response."

... If Canadians say they don't care any more for the Quebec Liberals' proposals then they do for Mr. Lévesque's, we will be in a very difficult situation."

The 145-page position paper contains little dogma, case or doctrine. It is nothing less than a perfectly workable, rational and supremely adoptable master plan for resolving the French-English dilemma that has plagued this country for more than 100 years. In the precise prose that once adorned *Le Devoir's* editorial page, Ryan blazes trails the revised division of powers that would finally institutionalize the obvious fact that Quebec is not (and never has been) a province like the others.

It has always been Ryan's contention that if his province votes "No" in the forthcoming referendum, it is the PQ's power to blackmail, not Quebec's ability to negotiate from strength that would be affected. This is particularly true because of the deliberately ambiguous wording of the proposed question. Pierre Bourgault, one of Quebec's original and most honest separatists, has described the referendum as being worded to decide not if Quebec should exist as a country but "whether Canada will accept being blackmailed into its own dissolution."

Unlike René Lévesque, who goes on pretending that Quebec's aspirations can be decided exclusively by the province's voters, Claude Ryan has now forced the rest of Canada to participate in this revised debate. His sentence will determine not only the fate of the French Part in North America but the very existence of the country in which we live. His future has become ours.

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## Straining the American Dream

By Rita Christopher

The United States has always prided itself on being a "nation of immigrants," and nowhere is the status held with more emotional pride than New York City. Even before Boston made a name for itself as the cradle of a national pastime, New Yorkers trumpeted their ethnic heritage as the ardor of faith. Every aspiring New York City politician knew that no trip abroad would make any impression on the voters unless it included at least one of the hallowed three (i.e. Israel, Ireland and Italy). And those who didn't make the appropriate foreign pilgrimages at least had the sense to emphasize their immigrant past. New York's present mayor, Edward Koch, delights in stories of his Polish-born father, and his predecessor, Abraham Beame, was born in London. Mayor John Lindsay, whose WASP background would have been a political advantage in many parts of the country, used to joke that in New York's solitary ethnic mob, where Anglo-Saxons "Preferential" were the city's fastest dwindling minority.

Like the flood tide of immigrants at the turn of the century, today's newcomers have migrated to New York in search of that elusive "American Dream," a vision of prosperity that remains vivid in the bums of Latin America even if it sometimes seems like an illusion to inflation-trapped metropolitan residents. But unlike earlier migrants to New York, most of whom passed under the scrutiny of immigration officers at the now-obliterated Ellis Island, many of the present arrivals enter the city as illegal aliens without the proper documentation to stay in the U.S.

Yet they do, until the total number of illegal aliens in the metropolitan area is now estimated at a whopping 750,000, and their numbers are straining the city's hard-pressed social services. Recently the federal government granted emergency aid to the bankrupt Jewish Hospital and Medical Center of Brooklyn to keep the institution from closing. The hospital claimed its economic woes stemmed from the large number of illegal aliens it regularly treated. They were not poor in pay the expensive hospital bills and, in light of their precarious status, unable to qualify for government medical reimbursement.

Several New York City councilors have called for the strict count of illegal aliens in the upcoming 1980 national census so that government grants and revenue-sharing programs will be based on accurate metropolitan population statistics. If the 750,000 illegals were officially recognized as a part of the city's population, New York would stand to gain some \$50 million in additional aid over the

next decade. Counting the illegals would also beef up New York State's political muscle in Washington since the census figures are used to apportion seats in the 435-member House of Representatives. (Counting illegal aliens is a tricky business. Although the Census Bureau is legally forbidden to reveal any information to other branches of government that could lead to prosecution of illegal aliens, the agency has traditionally been unwilling to respond to census questionnaires.)

Whatever figures the census finally reveals, some politicians, like Bronx Congressman Mario Biaggi, are already making capital out of calling for crackdowns on the illegals. They argue that the undocumented immigrants are taking away jobs from New York residents and driving them into the ever-growing welfare rolls. No one would argue that some unscrupulous employers in the New York area prefer to hire illegal aliens, working them in sweatshop conditions while paying far less than the minimum hourly wage. But in some fields the illegals, rather than depriving American citizens of work, are simply doing jobs that otherwise would go undone. Pared with the prospect of becoming a busboy or a checkout clerk, many of the inner-city youths that the government classifies as "hard-

core unemployed" would prefer to exist, often at higher wages, in various occupations of welfare, unemployment, insurance and job training funds—while enjoying the respectable luxury of working the government of not being sufficiently sympathetic to their plight.

If, as economic indicators suggest, the 1980s will be a difficult decade for America, the issue will be even harder for New York City. Perched precariously, if somewhat romantically, on the brink of bankruptcy, the city will have to stretch a dwindling budget to satisfy demands for services from a population made up increasingly of the economically, socially and educationally disadvantaged.

But city residents are a tough and sophisticated lot. They're already discontented the bad news. All the same, perhaps because they live in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, they have not forgotten the promise of the lady with the torch. "Come you tired, your poor / Your wretched, your wearying / To breathe free . . . I lift my lamp beside the golden door!" Regardless of the troubles of the new decade, New Yorkers are likely to welcome more than their share of illegal aliens, in the belief that the huddled masses of today deserve the same crack at the American dream that their own immigrant forebears had. However pale that appear to be the way it at large, most New Yorkers have not forgotten the shining promise of the golden door.

Rita Christopher is *Metron's* bureau chief in New York City.



Statue of Liberty towering over political muscle

## THE SCHENLEY AWARDS

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- 1977 Bruce Edwards, Hamilton
- 1978 Bob Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1979 Willie Baden, Calgary
- 1974 Tom Wilkison, Edmonton
- 1973 George McGovern, Edmonton
- 1972 Gerry Hasty, Hamilton
- 1971 Don James, Winnipeg
- 1970 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1969 Ken Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Ed Seymour, Toronto
- 1967 Peter Liska, Calgary
- 1966 Ken Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 George Reed, Saskatchewan
- 1964 Lionel Coleman, Calgary
- 1963 Ron Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 George Davis, Montreal
- 1961 Bernie Faloney, Hamilton
- 1960 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1959 Johnny Wright, Edmonton
- 1958 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1957 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1956 Ed Patterson, Montreal
- 1955 Tim Robinson, Montreal
- 1954 Sam Elchertzyk, Montreal
- 1953 Billy Vessels, Edmonton

## MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1973 Ray Nitschke, B.C.
- 1972 John Hahn, Calgary
- 1971 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1970 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1969 John LaGrone, Saskatchewan
- 1968 Ken Lachman, Ottawa
- 1967 Ed McQuarrie, Saskatchewan
- 1966 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1965 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1964 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1963 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1962 John Berry, Hamilton
- 1961 Frank Ragley, Winnipeg
- 1960 Herb Gray, Winnipeg
- 1959 Roger Holston, Edmonton
- 1958 Lou Latta, Calgary
- 1957 Kaye Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1956 Kaye Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1955 Tex Coulter, Montreal

## MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1979 Jim Cooke, Ottawa
- 1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1976 Dan Dymally, Montreal
- 1975 Claude Turkel, Edmonton
- 1974 Ed George, Montreal

## MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1978 Dave Fennell, Edmonton
- 1977 Dan Rappley, Edmonton
- 1976 Ed Baker, B.C.
- 1975 Jim Connolly, Toronto
- 1974 John Nelson, Calgary

## MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1976 Joe Pophewick, Winnipeg
- 1975 Len Wright, B.C.
- 1974 John Seymour, B.C.
- 1973 Tom Clements, Ottawa
- 1972 Sam Cavanagh, Toronto
- 1971 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
- 1970 Chuck Eddy, Hamilton

## MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1978 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1976 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1975 Jim Foley, Ottawa
- 1974 Tony Gabriel, Hamilton
- 1973 Gerry O'Neil, Ottawa
- 1972 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1971 Terry O'Connell, Montreal
- 1970 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1969 Ken Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Ken Jackson, Ottawa
- 1967 Terry Robinson, Calgary
- 1966 Ken Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 Gino Kautz, Hamilton
- 1964 Tommy Grant, Hamilton
- 1963 Ken Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 Harvey White, Calgary
- 1961 Tom Papadakis, Calgary
- 1960 Ken Stewart, Ottawa
- 1959 Ken Jackson, Ottawa
- 1958 Al Hirsch, Hamilton
- 1957 Gerry Lewis, Winnipeg
- 1956 Norman Kwong, Edmonton
- 1955 Norman Kwong, Edmonton
- 1954 Gerry Lewis, Winnipeg



## From sea to dying sea

By Joseph B. MacInnis

**A** least 10 years ago I made my first dive beneath the ice of the Arctic Ocean. It was a marvelous feeling, knowing that my diving companions and I were the first to see this remote corner of the ocean floor. Above us were blocks of white ice, fringed in cobalt marbles. Below us was a dark forest of jelly plants, their wide green leaves straining out to the edge of our vision. Behind one of the plants, my underwater light reflected against something silver and metallic. I swam over and gently lifted the seal. My brain froze. Here, miles away from the nearest human habitation, was an object that might enlighten the pyramids. I had stumbled over one of the symbols of the 7th, thrown away by some careless sailor—a discarded Pepsi-Cola can.

Even of Canada's natural advantages under this country as much as its water. We have the world's longest coastline that looks out on three oceans. Within our boundaries is a flowing network of rivers, lakes and streams, comprising 15 per cent of the earth's surface area of fresh water. Whether it runs out smoothly to the horizon or roars down a spillway, this restless liquid is a metaphor of the nation, a powerful ingredient of our daily lives.

But most of us don't really give a damn. We have been surrounded for so long by so much water that we take it for granted. If our water heritage was located on the northern Sahara it would be considered a miracle. Because we find it at our doorstep, we consider it a nuisance. But our cities are greater than engines. Each of our great, growing shorelines is under siege.

- In the Great Lakes, more than 800 chemicals, such as mines and rocks, weave invisible paths of toxic destruction.
- In the Atlantic, because of over-fishing, the northern half of the Grand Banks will be closed to directed cod fishing in 1991 for the first time ever.
- In the Arctic new phenomena stalk the ice-covered waters. They are heavy metals such as mercury and lead which have been found in the flesh of Ring seals. No one knows where the poison came from.
- In the Pacific, the prospect of tanker traffic from Alaska threatens our most prolific halibut seas.

Our destructive attitudes in water are visible everywhere. In Montreal you can look downriver at dark plumes of untreated sewage pouring into the St. Lawrence. In Winnipeg you can contemplate the Garrison Diversion, and how it would burden the Red River with fertilizers, pesticides and salts. In Nova Scotia, you can catch a glimpse of the state's reefs just before they sprinkle your face with acid rain.

As ocean or creek bed, water has always been an essential part of our history. The aboriginal Canadians knew well its wild flows. When they greeted the first white men they were camped along its shores. The first Europeans

came to Canada not in search of land, but the fish-rich waters of the Grand Banks. The waters of the New Brunswick, and its thousands of miles of waterways, were "discovered" by men who found an Eldorado in the fish-bearing creatures of the riverbank.

Times have changed but the central fact of water in our national fabric has not. Only our attitude has. We no longer see water as mysterious and dear. Like the nation that contains it we think we have a right to its bounties—without any responsibility.

In the early '70s public concern and government programs joined together to reduce the threat. But since then we have slid in the opposite direction. The realities of inflation, unemployment and energy have taken our minds away from the integrity of the environment. But, in spite of daunting political priorities, the problems have not gone away. As our detection methods become increasingly sophisticated we discover dozens of new chemicals wringing the life out of our lakes and rivers, such as dioxin, one of the world's deadly poisons recently discovered in fish samples from the Great Lakes.

We must change our attitude to water. Instead of thinking in terms of city blocks our thoughts should encompass the nation. And the future. To the year 2000 when some 600,000 Ontario lakes may be endangered by acid rain. We should see our water endowment as a precious asset which joins the sea and the sky of our special part of the planet. Special because in most nations of the world, water is in short supply.

If we lived on a small island we would regard water as a living thing—a medley of liquids, in various forms, which move, breathe and nourish the land. To dump heavy metals, chemicals and oil in it is to poison the nation's bloodstream.

All of us should take time and listen to the inner values of the sea. Central to our thinking should be that the life cycle and the water cycle are inseparable. So much of what Canada has been, is now, and will be 100 years from now hinges on the relationship between its people and the water which surrounds them. It is the wellspring of much of our science and the fountainhead of many of our best paintings. Our lives are dependent on it—both in a practical and an inspirational sense.

Next time you walk down to your favorite beach, consider it an opportunity to look into the governing mirror of the nation. If you stand still for a moment you can see the great sky and the lovely arc of land beneath it. Here is part of our history and our future, reflected in a magic fluid that is much as anything symbolizes our geography. Water is one of our great liaisons with nature and with ourselves.

Joseph B. MacInnis is a medical doctor, underwater explorer and author. His next book, *Cold Oceans and Men*, will be published later this year.



*'Each of our great carving shorelines is under siege'*

# THE SCHENLEY AWARDS



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# Tussle over taxes

In the age of religion, the Hutterites are persecuted around the world for their pacifist beliefs. In the age of money, the tax man has been their nemesis. Currently, the tax man wins. Since 90 Alberta Hutterite colonies have been living "from hand to mouth," as a spokesman put it, threatening to go on welfare, although they own almost \$6 million in bank deposits. The problem is they can't get their hands on their own money. After almost two decades of court battles over income tax (Maclean's, Dec. 25, 1978), the province got tired of the cat-and-mouse game. Last spring it froze all assets of the Denby Lake colony, one of three Hutterite groups in the province. The church's lawyer, Jack Matheson, went to court late in November in an effort to retrieve the funds, and the Alberta Court of Appeals has promised a judgment as soon as possible.

That case involves 1977 income taxes, but Matheson is also battling the revenue department over previous years' taxes. The Federal Court of Appeal has just dismissed his appeal of the Federal Court's November 1976 judgment that the Hutterites owe \$37 million in corporate taxes for the years 1967 to 1975. Matheson says he'll likely appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada.

Hutterite farmers Jerry and Paul Gross train cattle in a cat-and-mouse game.



The austere, communal farmers found refuge in Canada during the First World War, when their pacifism made them a target for American soldiers. Canada had offered them eternal exemption from military service, and the Denby-Lake Hutterites took this to mean they shouldn't pay income tax either, since it was introduced originally as a war tax. In the courts this has evolved into arguments over whether the Hutterites, as a church, are exempt from corporate tax, whether they shouldn't be able to deduct the value of their labor and how far back Revenue Canada can pursue the matter. In the judgment now under appeal, the Federal Court rejected the Hutterite arguments because a church is not necessarily a charity and, lacking "the element of public benefit," the colonies don't qualify as charitable organizations. In the wake of that decision, the government last spring seized funds from the 58 colonies that haven't paid about \$16 million in 1975 federal income tax. But, in one form or another, some Hutterite groups have been contesting some action by the revenue department every year since 1961, and no one sees an end to the court battles yet.

Suzanne Swartz

## All roads will lead to 'no vacancy'

For the second time in seven years, Parks Canada has rejected the idea of turning Lake Louise in Alberta from a sleepy village into a summer resort (Maclean's, April 25, 1976; hereafter, 215



Lake Louise homes: unimproved

million) will be spent over the next five years to spruce up the Rocky Mountain resort, while not substantially increasing development there. The decision, made last month by federal Environment Minister John Frower after two years of public workshops, consultants' reports and proposals, is a victory for environmentalists. And, according to Parks Canada, the subject is finally closed, after 18 years of bitter debate and previous rejection of the \$30-million Village Lake Louise development, proposed by Imperial Oil and defeated in 1972 by an avalanche of environmental protests.

Work could begin next spring on a new sewage plant to eliminate the constant flow of partially treated waste into the Bow River. Roads are also being replaced to reduce massive summer traffic jams, and a \$20-million retail complex will eliminate the current scatter-shot services offered in the village. But except for a new 300-unit hotel and new accommodation to replace the Jerry-built shacks employees now live in, there will be no expansion of accommodations, contrary to earlier proposals, which would have increased overnight winter space from 1,500 beds to 4,000.

Neither environmentalists nor the development-oriented, however, are as new as Parks Canada: that the question is permanently settled. With 600,000 summer visitors and \$68,000 spent already using the facilities annually, both sides predict further political meddling in Banff National Park. For one thing, a \$38-million extension of the Trans-Canada Highway into Banff is expected to increase environmental and recreational pressure on the area. "Three or five years from now, we'll probably be going at it all again," concludes Dick Pharis of the Alberta Wilderness Association. ◇



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# Attacking Irish myths of violence



By Kevin Byrne

On the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 16, a packed debating chamber at Trinity College, Dublin, heard Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien lay yet another Irish nationalist myth to rest. He denounced "these miserable, vicious one-way memory tributes" of the birth of Patrick Pearse—executed by the British for his part in the abortive Easter Rising of 1916. To debate, or even to question the notion "that this house preserves the memory of Patrick Pearse" would almost certainly have provoked a riot on any Irish university campus even 50 years ago. The fact that it took place at all, let alone that the motion was heavily defeated, represents a significant

personal victory in O'Brien's long campaign to rid his country of a romantic revolutionary tradition which, he feels, blinds so many Irishmen to current—and historical—realities.

Editor in chief of the influential London *Sunday Observer* for the past two years, O'Brien had lost his parliamentary seat in the 1977 Irish general election mainly, he says, "on domestic issues—but I would concede that people were fed up with the subject of Northern Ireland and fed up with hearing me on the subject, because what I had to say was uniformly depressing and uncomfortable." Over the past 10 years, O'Brien's outspoken attacks on the mythology derived from events like 1916—frequently invoked by the IRA to

give a spurious legitimacy to its modern campaign—have stirred him both alone and en masse from his complacency. In the more extreme Irish circles he has been called a traitor. A former IRA chief once named him, ladlessly but predictably, as the British government's "official mouthpiece in Ireland and abroad." In other quarters O'Brien is frankly regarded as the hero of the decade, saying loudly and clearly what no politician of the past 50 years ever dared say in public. For a southern Irishman and former politician to declare that a million Protestants in Northern Ireland have the right to self-determination, even to remain in the United Kingdom if they choose, is going pretty far according to republican wisdom. Twisting the knife still further, O'Brien has described the territorial claims to the six counties of Northern Ireland, endorsed in the Republic of Ireland's constitution, as a "colonial" claim. Such an assertion is of course anathema to people who see themselves victims of British colonial rule for eight centuries. But O'Brien will continue to make it until it wins general acceptance, or until he is silenced—"we know"—by the bullet of a "piratical" assassin.

His code, a pacifist, was taken hostage and shot in cold blood by a British officer in 1936, the year before O'Brien was born. But his family, although Catholic and strongly nationalist, was not rooted in revolution. His paternal grandfather was a member of the old Irish Nationalist Party at Westminster, which believed passionately that Irish independence would come not through

armed struggle but the ballot box. It came in 1922 for that part of Ireland—the larger, predominantly Catholic part—that voted for it. But the myth that Irish independence was triggered by a small group of armed revolutionaries with a popular mandate has been carefully fostered by republican politicians ever since. As O'Brien puts it with withering contempt: "There is a line of apostolic succession running through Pearse and the other leaders of 1916 and that's it. That's all you know and need to know. And whereas the number of republicans who actually live in that ideology is quite small, a number of whom—including the IRA—know no other historical tradition."

Tall and good-looking for his 62 years, with a ruddy complexion, his black hair slightly graying, O'Brien is no stranger to controversy or unpopularity. One current irony in his popularity with the British media—his old nemesis. Nearly 20 years ago, during the Congo crisis of 1961, when O'Brien was U.S. Secretary General, Dag Hammarskjöld's personal representative in Katanga, British headlines screamed, "This man who creates violence and disorder," accusing him of deliberately trying to destroy "the peace, the stability" of Katanga (in whose large mineral deposits British and others had extensive interests). After the Congo disaster ended O'Brien's US career and prompted his emigration from the Irish foreign service, he became a full-time academic and writer. Among the books he produced during this period (which included two on his own experience) was a collection of essays and lectures entitled *Writers and Politics* (1965), expounding his view of the true task of the



O'Brien, British soldiers accused by rebels, twisting the knife still further



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political writer, to "drop away" at the lies and false myths within his own society. In the following decade, O'Brien faithfully applied this principle to Ireland. The words are only beginning to bear fruit.

In 1963 he was Albert Schweitzer Professor of Humanity at New York University when trouble broke out back home during a Catholic civil rights march in Londonderry, forcing the injustice and bigotry of Northern Ireland into the world's attention. It exploded into the week-long bloody Protestant-Protestant riot, giving the largely Protestant IRA the opportunity to represent itself as defender of the beleaguered Catholic minority (O'Brien came home a member of the Irish Club and lost no time in making his views clear to the Irish public. The IRA was "a financial, national, foreign-baiting, anti-semitic, racist, homophobic, racist, neo-fascist movement" elsewhere, emerges as a fact-finding statement.)

As communications minister in the coalition government in power from 1932 to 1937, O'Brien consistently ruled out the use of the Irish general thrust of the 1916 Easter Rising as a political slogan. He was particularly sensitive to the attribution of a general thrust to the southern politicians which were, to put it mildly, unequalled. "There are a lot of people who agree with the general thrust of what I'm saying," he says, telling me at the same time that many politicians in the south would not want to have their support. They tend to do as their own sense about what goes well, and not the sort of things I'm saying don't go well will become people don't seem to hear about the subject. About the general thrust of the 1916 Easter Rising, he is strongly unopposed, and in no emotional sense, a bit gross. Therefore they begin, to avoid alienating that section of their constituents which is traditionally disposed in the direction of

But even that section of the electorate repelled by terrorism has its conservatives who were profoundly shocked by



Tarrone at work and (below) IRA bomb victims, a painful questioning of tradition

O'Brien's witty irreverence toward the sacred cows of Irish republicanism. On the subject of Northern Ireland he doesn't suffer fools easily or gladly, and the manner as well as the matter of his pronouncements have frequently antagonized potential supporters who don't like their easy romantic view of Irish history exposed to the chill wind of his ruthless analysis. Why doesn't he condemn the bombing and shooting, they say, and leave yesterday's glorious martyrs at peace? Mere to the point, when did he last condemn "the Brits"?

"But what can one do?" O'Brien asks, bewildered. "I have not hesitated to criticize Britain in the past, over her neglect of the problem up to 1969. I was critical that Britain didn't then abolish the Stormont government (in Belfast) altogether. But their line since then has been: if the majority wants to stay in the U.K. it can stay; if a majority wants to join the Republic it's welcome to do

than on the whole Northern Ireland remains in the U.K. we're not going to remain an community in discussion the other. These three propositions are not to be taken as a commitment for and just. I'm going to stay or demand Britain just because it might make me a little more popular at home." At the moment, O'Brien has no plans to run for office again. "I have no political ambitions as such," he says. "My concern with politics contrasts to the relations between the different sections of the population of these islands, and I find I can probably serve that as effectively as an officer and politician."

The first political situation took a blow on Dec 5 when Premier Jack Lynch, the moderate leader of the majority, was forced to resign by party hard-liners over a "compromising" border patrol agreement with the British government. Renewal of the EEC call for a referendum on the issue of British troops in his book, *State of Ireland* (1972), O'Brien has painted a sombre picture of what could happen in such an event, with a massive refugee influx from the north and a British military intervention in Northern Ireland. A civil war would probably lead to two Irish states "under right-wing government, severely inefficient and economically stagnant." O'Brien says that two colonists who would be pleased to end with one of that were to happen. He adds hastily: "But I'd like to say that perspective. That could only happen in circumstances of extreme stress."

So O'Brien remains warily optimistic for the future. Ireland has democratic traditions going back nearly 100 years "which are probably as strongly established as in any democratic country in the world. The point must always be got over to terrorists that they don't have a chance of winning. Unfortunately, that point has not yet got over to the IRA." The point may be slow in reaching the IRA, but the mood of Ireland, after generations of unemployment lip service to the

## Letters

## While you're up, get me a grant

could not have written from his plays and won three awards, national and international, without the grants of the Canada Council. I am grateful for what he has done and the great example he has set.

A Short Story by Michael Ondaatje

(Dec. 3) I take exception to her suggestion that all grants to artists add problems; he cut it. I will admit that grants may not build a strong culture and that some people are ungrateful and resentful who think the council is a glorified welfare program. It makes it difficult and trying for those who work hard at their trade. On the other hand, Canada has imported its cultural life from Europe, America, Britain, France, Italy, or so, in no way in the theatre, "people who finance our efforts." Unless Mr. Arnold has discovered a miracle cure for Canada's very real, cultural ills, let the government continue to fund foreign epidemics. Our culture, no matter how valuable it is, is most certainly

DAVID E. FREEMAN MONTREAL

Wonder whether other readers find Barbara Auld's stomach-banking journalism as distasteful as I do. Such a question has not need to carve her career out of the hides of her sisters. Nor are her opinions on grants to artists very convincing, given her lack of research into practices in other countries. If we cut down on the available sources of financial support, as she suggests, we simply increase the level of coarsening standing between artists and the public. Everyone are paid to shun in the present system. But her reliance on tax incentives practically guarantees that new creative talents will be closed out of the limited commercial outlets available.

PATRICK SLATTERY, OTTAWA



#### Epilogue revisited: the history and the focus

held at Mount Allison University (1966) who had never played football before and several, including me, who had never even seen the game. We were very disappointed that rugby had been replaced there by the Upper Canadian game.

LARRY BLACK OPENS

### Worth a thousand words

I was greatly disturbed by the photos in your section. What's over: Up To?, which was part of The Sherry Crime report (Nov. 12). You showed an Arab watching the burn-off from a refinery as well as a most damaging photo of a

respected Yamaani with a rifle. Could you not have chosen better photos to portray an emerging populace? Canadians are probably now convinced that Arabs are violent, illiterate fanatics.

FREDERICK GUNTERSON, ALEXANDER JOHNSON

In your recent feature *The Energy Crisis* (Nov. 12), you stated that most Canadians are resigned to paying at least \$1.99 for a gallon of gas by 1983. This may be what most Canadians will be resigned to, but it isn't what we'll be paying. If the price rises to the extent anticipated, the price will be 63.2 cents a litre, as opposed to something over 28 cents at the present date. Even now it has been months since I've bought gasoline by the gallon, and I have only a vague idea what the price is on a per-gallon basis now. When is Maclean's going to do a story on the real cost of this, like it or not. Canada is paying more to stay and accept that the media have a responsibility to help us become familiar with it?

S.A. BROWN, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

### Family planning

Your article *Point Must to the Core* (Nov. 199) stated that Oscar Niemeyer,

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### The leather set

The short-essay on rugby, *R's Violent and Cerebral* (Dec 3), was quite interesting, but its tone may have unintentionally misled some of your readers about the history and even the locus of the game's popularity in Canada. In the Maritime provinces, where, as in B.C., the game has been played since before the turn of the century, it is Canadian football that is the new game. Until the 1980s Maritime universities competed against each other in rugby, not football. I remember well that there were a number of us on the first football team

the renowned Brazilian architect, had created the planning concept for the new capital, Brasília. In fact, the design for the master plan was by Lucio Costa, an equally talented if somewhat less famous Brazilian architect. Costa was the winner of an architectural competition for this project in 1957 and indeed his plan fulfilled the spiritual and functional needs of a nation looking to the future. As for Manner, he was deeply involved in buildings for the government complex, his work serving to emphasize Costa's truly amazing concept.

HERBERT CLARKE, LAMARLY, B.C.

#### Thou art in heaven

I did much better. Three times I tried to read your article *But Is It Art?* (Nov. 5). Three times I turned back the pages to start again in a desperate effort to comprehend what it was all about, but I had to give up. I was frustrated and concerned about this apparent evidence of my stupidity, so I was very happy to read in *Letters* (Dec. 30) that other people didn't know what John Bentley Nays was talking about, either.

JAMES A. WARDEN, LEEDSBIDGE, ALTA.

#### Faith healer

Your use of "Albertian symbols" is de-

scribing Peter Leacock (*The Town Mosaic and the Old Mosaic*, Dec. 10) may arguably be a clever example of alliteration, but it makes your claim to objective reporting of Canadian politics less than true. Aytayish in the "defender of the faith," but considering the current Iranian crisis we interpret this as meaning none other than "fanatic." There are no resemblances between the policies of Khomeini and Premier Leacock and to suggest so is an insult to all Albertans. Khomeini controls oil shipments and engages in terrorist policies. Leacock sells oil at half the world price and is receptive to reasonable arguments. Our premier is a responsible Canadian and his of prime policy in above said based means slight.

ANTHONY G. CHARLSON,  
JAMES O'D. CHARLSON, CANADIAN

#### Yankee doodle

For the U.S. to talk of Iranian terrorism is hypocritical, in my opinion. The CIA rescued the shah to power in 1953, and for 35 years the U.S. supported and supplied, with billions of dollars worth of arms, the shah's regime of repression and terrorism. American support for the shah is what provoked the hostage-taking in the first place (*Khomeini*,

Dec. 10). The concern of U.S. capitalism is not human rights but its capital investments and its spheres of influence in the rivalry for control of world markets and resources. The false patriotism now being whipped up will be used to bolster American imperialism and militarism.

JANICE MINAL, HUNTERS, B.C.

#### For old times' sake

Comparatively. Once again Maclean's has given me something with which to endorse my faith in human fellowship and the solidarity of the family unit. Two separate articles, *A Partnership With Time* and *Pioneer in Her Prime* (Dec. 3), paid out the value of our older generation. Respectfully Robert Evans comes off as a deflator, among Canadians. In one enigmatic phrase, "I never expected to get this old," he not only signifies the hopes of all of us, that is, to live long, meaningful lives, but he also shows us that even the elderly have valuable contributions to make to our world. Maggie Kahn is surely more enlightened than many youngsters, and points out that our most visible generation of illness are actually fanned to retire because they have reached a certain age.

JOE BOUTEREAU, KIMBERTON

#### Canada

## Claude Ryan's national dream

By David Thomas

Claude Ryan is one of those singular Canadian politicians that, lately, only Quebec seems able to begot. Imagine a class portrait of the current crop of federal and provincial leaders who besides Ryan, René Lévesque and Pierre Trudeau would stand out as men of vision, character and as their redeeming flaw, petty Canadians when they don't see their way? And the three have another common attribute at the start of their political careers, all were hailed by English Canada as saviors who would lead a petulant, self-absorbed Quebec into an age of modernity—and less annoying — self-satisfaction. Then, clattering reality intervened: the resented Quebec envisaged by each in the line of earnest contemporaries isn't he accomplished without leaving the lazy gingerbread trim from the facade of the comfy Canadian house without shaking its own, most contented corners with the powder of falling plaster and shaking its windows with the impossible euphony of a dawn work drive, each trying to renew the old building house according to its own disordered blueprint.

This week, the reality of Claude Ryan is thrust upon English-speaking Canada: his architect's plans are more ambitious—and disturbing—for the rest of the country than former prime minister Trudeau's bilingual schemes and even more intrusive upon the other provinces (like Premier Lévesque's dream of closing out two separate but equal countries from the Canadian map). Ryan's challenge to Canada is simple: either the English-speaking provinces accept at least the general principles of his far-reaching plans for constitutional reform, or they leave him to founder alone in the referendum battle. Ryan is casting an English Canada's early as-

sert to some important sacrifice of power and rights to Quebec and French Canadians everywhere. With such agreement—particularly from the provincial premiers—Ryan can effectively escape during the campaign leading up to June's referendum that Canada deserves one last chance. Without that

speaking Quebecers will distrust him as a puppet of the other provinces. "We've got to move cautiously," Ryan says. "We must avoid getting too much in the way of endorsement from the rest of the country, yet we cannot go off on our own without some support because then we would be the instant bog as the Parti Québécois."

While the PQ government's opinion of sovereignty-association would detach the provinces from Canada, it would at least leave the rest of the country free to live as it always has or perhaps even end itself once and for all of the burden of carrying French-speaking mountains. Ryan's proposal, due to be made public this Thursday in Montreal, would save the federation—but only if English Canadians open wide enough to swallow more than just bilingual laws on the breakfast table. French Canadians across the country would have a constitutional right to education, social services and judicial proceedings in their own language. Bilingualism, such as in Alberta and perhaps soon Newfoundland, would give the others a constitutional right to share in their "official" wealth while the existing equalization payments to support poorer provinces would also become entrenched. Smaller provinces, particularly the Atlantic ones, would have to agree to create regional administrative services instead of letting the federal government handle pro-

grams that they are too weak to manage themselves. Every government, federal or provincial, would be "bureaucratic" within its fields of competence and Ottawa's habit of revivifying provincial jurisdiction by simply spending money on attractive projects would be outlawed. But perhaps the biggest pill of all is the de facto recognition in Ryan's proposals that Quebec is not a province like the others, that it must have the right to



Ryan: "The world" rather than religion

show of good faith from the rest of the country, Ryan will be reluctantly vulnerable to Lévesque's battle cry that only a resounding vote for secession can shake English-speaking Canada from its complacency. For Ryan, it is both a gamble and a dilemma. He needs vocal support from English-speaking Canadians, but not praise so effusive that French-

speakers that they are too weak to manage themselves. Every government, federal or provincial, would be "bureaucratic" within its fields of competence and Ottawa's habit of revivifying provincial jurisdiction by simply spending money on attractive projects would be outlawed. But perhaps the biggest pill of all is the de facto recognition in Ryan's proposals that Quebec is not a province like the others, that it must have the right to

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apt out of progress desired by the rest of the country and that it have a veto on constitutional change, a guaranteed share of the Supreme Court and Senate and control over its own cultural destiny. If that's not enough to publicize elsewhere the detailed redaction of federal and provincial powers contained in Ryan's 146-page document.

What makes Ryan so optimistic that the country will accept such deep incursions into its national psyche, the lobotomization of a perennial phobia of seceding French as an element of Canada as essential as snow? The answer is in Ryan's faith in his capacity to wear down his opponents with sound argument and unrelenting persistence. Looking the Ambassador of order, Trudeau or Lévesque, the Quebec Liberal leader has nonetheless revealed a streak of merciless political cheek and, as restrained by false modesty, has succeeded in setting himself up as an unshakable moral arbiter far more reassuring to many Quebecers than the rebellious, erratic socialist harridan in blue jeans.

The referendum adversaries are, in many ways, diffusions of opposing traits in the Quebec national character. Lévesque is the party's on-camera face, defiant of the religious and colonial authorities of New France who attempted to create a stable, agricultural society. Ryan's essence is that of the parish priest after the Gossage when the church became the buffer between the English and the French, when the priest saw his mission as the direction but also the protection of his flock, even against the intrusion of the church itself when necessary.

The analogy has become a cliché but one difficult to suppress. Ryan's study in his Outremont home has the same dark, plain ivorine floor, the same substantial and mismatched furniture and the same formidable tiers of paper-bound tomes in theology that compose the offices of parish rectories throughout Quebec. And then, Ryan occasionally borrows his applications to purity politics of the organizing methods he used for 17 years as national secretary of Active Catholics Canada Inc., the only job he ever had until becoming editorial writer of *Le Journal* in 1982, two years before taking over as publisher.

Last fall Ryan's elegant marshall—and his reputation for unagitated poise—dealt with his issuance of a startling set of criteria that the Liberals must apply to aspiring candidates. Not many other than Ryan himself, will qualify. Aside from the respectable demand for "irreproachable ethics," Ryan's directive on the selection is so stringent that it tends to exclude the vast majority of Quebecers (even senior elites) as Liberals. Ryan sets a sternity edifice



Ryan and his wife, Madeleine, at the 1990 Quebec Liberal leadership convention. Ryan sought to redefine more than 100 years.

tion as "the most desirable form" for candidates who should also be "in their prime," meaning between the ages of 35 and 55 (Ryan himself turns 55 this month). They must also be "of good physical, moral and psychological health" and have "a straight and honorable private life." Entrusted Ryan "We must aim to avoid candidates of persons who have not established a certain stability in their personal, professional and family life." The other criteria—

Ryan and Trudeau, a persistent phobia



that candidates be financially secure enough to take care of themselves in the event of defeat—except Ryan to charges of hypocrisy because he, before agreeing to run for the party leadership two years ago, demanded that his supporters pay him a considerable salary during the campaign and afterward should he lose. Ryan angrily dismisses the comparison as irrelevant, but refuses to say how much money he received from his backers.

His warning of his moral strength and vocal adherence to a traditional model of family life have worried some Quebecers that Ryan is power would mean retreating to an era of intolerance on Quebec the surface, Ryan does

little to dispel that notion, although all admissions that he is authoritarian: "I could not care less to be frank with you. I believe in authority. I think the principle of authority is absolutely essential in any society and only the moral and the spiritual needs do not accept that. To be in authority is not necessarily to be authoritarian—there is a great difference."

New Ryan recedes his rigid personal principles and religious beliefs with his ambition to provide order in a society in which these values are dissolving is revealed in his attitudes toward abortion and divorce and the role of women. "Abortion is a moral problem of great magnitude in which respectability of the profession, liberal point of view and religious principles will always be difficult. It's not merely a matter of deciding how we should conduct our lives. It's a question of whether life

is sacred or not and, if it is sacred, why should it not be beyond man's decisions in this area. I'm rather inclined to a conservative position." Divorce, on the other hand, is different "because you do not suppress life. A person with Catholic principles does not accept divorce but such a person can accept that others, thinking differently, want the laws to accommodate their convictions." It is when dealing with women's rights that Ryan exhibits his independence from the church. He favors the ordination of female priests and appears to be more respectful of women generally than Lévesque, whose wife, Carmine, told a television audience recently that her husband had "the sexual monopoly" of a weak his age.

Ryan is often ridiculed for a published account of his proposal of marriage to his wife, Madeleine, the mother of his five children, which seemed a

frigid deal offered over a business lunch. Ryan's wife flustered with anxiety when the story is mentioned, accusing the reporter responsible of turning an off-the-record piece into publicity. But he refrains the chance to set the record straight by saying whether he was in love. "I think the question is completely out of order. If journalists are going to nit-pick us with such stupid questions, the profession loses all its significance. My family life has been there to observe for 25 years—it's not my fault if you came in late. If you had been a witness at that marriage you would not ask that foolish question."

And yet, when he talks in his comfortable into his chair, he is always on the arm and means about his chances, "the world" rather than a religious vocation, Ryan's decision to marry sounds in the telling to have been more a matter of duty than desire. "I decided that

## 'We wanted no misunderstanding'

One evening last week—New Year's Eve and 10 days before Claude Ryan was scheduled to announce he debated proposals for constitutional reform as an alternative to René Lévesque's sovereignty-association—the Quebec Liberal leader sat in the study of his home in Montreal's Outremont and chatted informally with Mexican *Quercus* Bureau Chief David Thomas. Here is a part of their conversation.

**Mackinnon's:** Your reputation is that of a man of rigorous logic, yet all of us who read you are fascinated as well by emotion. What are the most powerful feelings in your life?

**Ryan:** I don't know how to answer that question, to be frank with you. There are a lot of things I like in life: my family and community activities. I like to be in the company of French people—it is much more natural than anglophone. We can share a lot more easily among ourselves, we speak in a more familiar language. There are a lot of special things inherent in that very homogeneity, which we have among ourselves. But I also like the company of Jews, Irish and English Canadians. I like to succeed like every other human being. I'm more excited in my very night—my can very easily yield to emotions on such occasions—but the next day I go back to work. I don't live on emotions the way some people seem to.

**Mackinnon's:** Is nationalism an important emotion for you?

**Ryan:** I won't cry out at the sight of the first de la. I won't cry out the flagpole that I am a part of Canada because it stands for a

lot of good things in the world today but let us point that I would cry about it.

**Mackinnon's:** Would you say if the country could be united?

**Ryan:** Everything would depend on the circumstances. If it were to occur after everyone had done his very best to keep it together and had come to the conclusion objectively that we could not continue we would not be united.



**Mackinnon's:** How do you intend to maintain a sense of urgency in English-speaking Canada, particularly if you defeat the Parti Québécois in both the referendum and the subsequent election?

**Ryan:** We will need just forward our program for change before these two events, but that part of our strategy. We wanted no misunderstanding. It will be clear that if we win the referendum, we will have the people of Quebec will not have and yet to the situation, it is a massive acceptance of present arrangements. They will have to accept and yet to the general line of change we are advocating and we will have a general election to complete this mandate.

**Mackinnon's:** Then if the rest of Canada should not accept the results of these events, well, the next I can say I find I have to report to the Quebec people after three or four years and I'll have to draw my conclusions. I'm not a person to lead myself with theory results—we will have to have to look at the results.

**Mackinnon's:** Does this mean that if your moderate attempt to have the constitution reform in a future that independence will be the only alternative?

**Ryan:** I don't know what would happen. It would very probably be the end of the road for me, but what would happen would be for the people to decide on a new direction or a new direction. I don't know.

quite results and if the public continues to respond in the same way I'm not too worried about that part of the job. The other side is extremely delicate. We've got to have some positive response from the rest of Canada. We need to see if they are any more for the Quebec debate, proposals that they do for Mr. Lévesque's. We will be in a very difficult situation. We are getting our program forward for discussion is not a dogma, it is a road a doctrine we are expanding and we're open to reactions from the rest of Canada.

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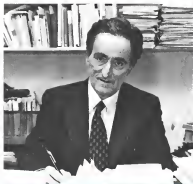
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if you live in the secular world, it's far better to be married than not be married for different reasons, one of which was the historical context here in which I lived. I don't know what I would have done if I had been in another context, but I was here, in Canada, in Quebec. The Quebec cultural context was not the same as that time in European countries where you had a lot more accumulated traditions, a lot more room for all kinds of spiritual experiences. Here, life was robust, simple and rather monolithic. You didn't have as much room for diversified patterns of life as you had in the old countries."

There's a trace of wishfulness in Ryan's voice as he reminisces, a softness that betrays the presence of more inside the man than the stern exterior allows. It's as though the man who can merit the hedonist L'Espresso as "a man of good find address" may lament, just the faintest bit, the uncompromising upbringing imposed by his mother, "a strong person with firm principles, great discipline and a natural shyness." If Ryan ever gets time to the burgeoning table, his English-Canadian counterparts may regret it a lot more.

Ryan (L) to Clark's editor-in-chief

## Ryan's referendum

With Claude Ryan speaking for Quebec, Canada would still suffer the stammering, tongue-and-veneer of suggesting a new deal among its partners. Worse news for voters: leaders of such parties Ryan sees as the clearest forum to spread seeds of federal provincial conflict—followed by a national referendum to endorse the work of the first ministers. Ryan wants the job done within three years.

"We've got to envisage something special: some determined effort to come to grips with the problem. And then, a referendum across Canada, one which would have to confirm support for the new Canada in each of its regions." Once we've agreed on conclusions, I think it would be normal that the whole package be put to the people for approval. First, ensure the people in Quebec, as well as the people in the rest of Canada. I think it would have to be a referendum which gave a solid majority in all parts of this country."

But does the provincial liberal leader foresee the need for a Quebec-only referendum like that set for this spring by the Parti Québécois government? "Let's suppose a big crisis went to develop around our proposals and we felt we needed to have some strong endorsement on the part of the population. We would want to reserve our liberty to resort to a popular consultation in Quebec. It would be subject to debate that."

Ryan with Clark: mercurial political chess



## Election 1980

### The stumblers vs. Old King Cold

By John Hay

Joe Clark was handshaking his way through an Ottawa-Montreal Via train last week when he came to a woman about to lose her job—victim, as it happened, of Clark's scrapping of Léo Canada. "Well, I wish you well," the prime minister said, and moved on down the aisle. Like the Liberals, Clark now has a record of his own to live down.

With the end of the Christmas-New Year's phony war, Clark in fact will try to campaign against the 11 Trudeau years that preceded his own half-year and cast voters' minds ahead to a decade of "change and challenge" after the Feb. 16 election. Though Clark told reporters he makes comparisons between his brief record and Trudeau's, party workers admit it won't be easy selling Clark's performance as PM. "We have to fight the flip-flop charge," agrees a Clark aide. One such tarbrush is dogging Immigration Minister Ron Atkey, taking heat from his Toronto constituents for backtracking on the promise to match private sponsors of Indian-born refugees one-for-one with government sponsorship.

The government's abrupt defeat Dec. 13, cited by the opposition as a case of incompetence, will be used by the Conservatives to bank their fires as power-grabbers who wouldn't give the government a fair chance. The sudden exit will explain some of the unmet promises. Others (the altered Petrocan plan, higher taxes) will be called adjusting to reality. And, as if to emphasize a sense of unfulfilled potential, Clark's people will send newly famous front-benchers to the national hearings—Finance Min-

ister John Crosbie and External Affairs Minister Flora MacDonald among others.

In the campaign race to bury the recent past, the Grims too have spadework to do. They ride into battle on a murky 30-point lead in the Gallup poll. But that was taken before the government fell and before Trudeau reversed his retirement plan. The party, which last spring stressed the "leadership" of Trudeau and lost, will this time diffuse anti-Trudeau hostility by offering a team. (Suggestive was the layout for a Liberal event in Ottawa: Trudeau at a low podium close to his audience with a camera angle that diminished last year's posturing stance.) Their once and future leader noted somewhat, the Liberals are also edging away from a small-c conservative anti-the-dictator.

Clark in Ottawa with (from left) Jean Fregault, Paul Dick, Walter Baker, Bill Jarvis, Margaret McTeer and Trudeau's former Conservative boss



spring platform, which may find either offensive or unconvincing. Hint of a leftward shift was heard in Trudeau's new campaign claim that while the Crosbie budget would mean 16 per cent higher taxes for individuals, the load would be just 2.5 per cent heavier "for the great corporations." Canadians likely could agree less tough budget... but not one that is tough on the wrong people," observed Trudeau. He has already pledged not to jock up the gasoline excise tax (from seven to 25 cents a gallon) as Crosbie proposed.

The New Democrats, having helped the Liberals defeat the Tories in the Commons, are again going about spreading a plague on both their houses. The Grims got us into this mess, they argue, and the Tories made it worse. Leader Bill Broadbent, berating Liberal all policies, told a Hamilton audience "We could contrast this with a guy named Clark because he's doing the same job. Or we can switch back to the old guy named Trudeau."

With country-oppening leaders' tours constrained by weather (see box next page), media appeals and regional pitches will be stressed by all parties. City voters, remote from their neighbors and cut off from their roots, are thought to be persuadable by television news and the ad campaigns. That helps explain why the potent energy issue—fuel prices and Petro Canada—quickly ignited in the first days of the frigid midwinter campaign. Trudeau and Broadbent could be seen on TV screens scolding the Tory Petrocan plan as a scheme to give Canadians what they already own. Clark fought back Friday, saying Petrocan would be stronger and richer with the bulk of its shares in private hands. And he deftly swung energy price rises as the needed ingredient for financing domestic self-reliance. But the gist of Clark's message is simpler: give the Tories another chance. "We didn't get a check," says a Clark aide. "We only got a chip."



## Ottawa West: where turnabout is fair play

By Susan Riley

It isn't a problem likely to rouse much sympathy in a nation that already proudly claims Ottawa, but political opponents in the comfortably middle-class riding of Ottawa West face a particularly vexing situation Feb. 16: many of their staunchest supporters will miss the election because they'll be wintering in Florida. "I know we will have trouble with it, but I imagine the Liberals will too," says Margie Pettigrew, president of the Ottawa West Progressive Conservative Association. However, it would be unfair to suggest that in Ottawa West's only gripe: Despite its truly affluent, the well-to-do professionals and retired public servants who live in some of the neighbourhoods like McKellar Park and Britannia worry, as do other Canadians, about a weakening economy and increasing energy costs. They also worry about finding a political party they can trust to handle these problems. "I think Clark let us down badly, but we don't want to go back to Trudeau, and the NDP doesn't stand a chance. There's no one to vote for," says Albert Campbell, a retired medical employee.

### Riding Profile: Ottawa West

**Voters:** 80,000 (approx. 1, west-end residential, professionals/managers, older families and retirees, law/enforcement, highly Anglo-Franco, affluent and conservative)

**Candidates:** Ken Binks, PC—(mounted by 1,800 votes in 1978)  
Lloyd Francis (L)  
Abby Polakowsky (NDP)

**History:** 1974 (L, best majority) Francis by 2,600 vote (L)  
1978 (L, best majority) Peter Riley by 4,300 (C)  
1982 (Trudeau majority) Francis by 7,000 (L)  
1985 (Pearson minority) Dick Bell by 933 (PC)  
1988 (Pearson minority) Francis by 1,157 (L)

**Outlook:** Tight Tory-Grit race, not traditional weak third

Francis, those who know and those who don't

doubtedly because it is located within two miles of Parliament Hill—Francis' nomination committee last week attracted national media attention. Certainly the drive wasn't Francis himself—a legislator member of Parliament, long out of favor with the party brass, and out of the national limelight, too. Instead, reporters came to watch the three potentially steering candidates who were chasing Francis, job—especially Blair Williams, former Liberal national director and a leading member of the so-called "reform movement." But in the end Francis proved that whatever his shortcomings as an MP, he is a political pro, as he handily swept back Williams' challenge. "The intense, two-week nomination battle ended in Ottawa's Woodroffe high school Thursday night amid the chaos of conferring, drinking, handshakes and hordes of cheering, sign-waving teenagers. "They've got everything here but 1,000 white doves," one delegate exclaimed.

In fact, for a riding that is deeply conservative by nature, political campaigning here has a strangely paganistic flavor. Despite protestations of civility, the riding has seen some of the nastiest mudslinging in Canadian politics that it had been a "clean" campaign, both Francis and Williams' workers were involved in some rather spirited back-room arguing in last-minute attempts to crash their own supporters into the next two candidates. "Nations' final, but it might make a boy scout blush," said one party insider. In the end Williams was defeated by two things: Francis' legal personal following and Williams' own convention speech, which was a badly and completely lacking in French (Feb. 10), he refused to be discouraged by Ottawa West's endorsement of the right-leaning Francis. "He's had 20 years in this riding, we've had 10 days," said the lively, flexible 31-year-old Dartmouth-born Williams. Williams—a teacher at Montreal's Concordia University—mounted a remarkable blitz, visiting several delegates personally, distributing pamphlets, throwing coffee parties, trying to get party membership. His workers spent New Year's Eve phoning every one of the 1,600 Liberals in the riding, dragging some of them away from televised football games. "On New Year's Eve we took a 15-minute break around midnight, then went back to filling out index cards," said Williams' worker Bob Andrusiak.

There was another Liberal who had his Christmas holidays disrupted—the riding's membership chairman, Don

Burton. Under a rule predicated to Ottawa West, the only way to get a party card in the seven days before a nominating convention is by showing up in person at the membership chairman's house. Designed to prevent a flood of bogus, last-minute applicants, the rule certainly worked to the advantage of Lloyd Francis this time. While he, as the 20-year veteran, already had the support of many existing members, the newcomers only had four days to submit bulk applications. After they had to cope and persuade would-be supporters to visit Mr. Burton with their 20 membership fee. By the end of the two-week membership in the nomination had grown from 385 to approximately 1,500 and Lloyd Francis led the benefit of up-to-date membership lists, free publicity and a ready-made campaign team.

The outcome of this intense nomination struggle may not mean about the voters of Ottawa West that the future of the Liberal party. There are Liberals in the riding who say privately that Lloyd Francis isn't really a Liberal. They almost invariably add "Of course if he was, he'd never win Ottawa West." His celebrated dispute with Pierre Trudeau over the issue of some public service cutbacks is a two-edged sword: he could never make it into a Trudeau cabinet (in fact, Trudeau didn't even sit at his table at a recent luncheon for local Liberals) but he may win glowing respect from his public service supporters. For Williams, too, the party's spectacularly clumsy public service policies. But if voters want someone who really dislikes Trudeau, they can



Binks, from Barbours without a struggle

always choose Ken Binks. This is Francis' dilemma: how to sell a party that has made more enemies than friends in recent years.

Meanwhile Ken Binks was scheduled to return this week from his three-week holiday in Barbados, when it also seemed in the cards that he would be headed the Tory nomination without a struggle Monday night.

The New Democrats—historically a weak third in the riding—are expected to choose Abby Polakowsky, the bright, 35-year-old university student who ran for the party in May, claiming she wanted to be the "first female Jewish socialist prime minister of Canada." If she can get elected in Ottawa West, anything is possible. ☐

## The flip side of the flop

Joe Clark and Ed Broadbent have been shopping for new overcoats. Pierre Trudeau is making do with his old one. Broadbent is wearing a shiny, new, expensive-looking new one. Clark is wearing a shiny, new one. Clark is wearing a shiny, new one. Clark is wearing a shiny, new one.

There is no contestation to the people on the ground: the troops who go door-to-door for the candidates. We'll have more bodies covering shorter distances." points Nelson Sears of the NDP, at 29 the youngest of the campaign directors. On the Prairie: where his hair has eyes on a handful of Tory seats. The new January temperature hovers near a bone-chilling -20°C. It brings to mind the image of a freezing campaign worker trying to make herself against the icy wind with her party literature.

But unfortunately there isn't even as much of that literature for protection. The parties just can't afford it instead they are

leader has time to get out of an area quickly and into another before the airports close. It means booking rooms in two-week periods, arranging travel, security, the leader and the media, should some force the abandonment of the schedule.

We used to "help," explains Clukey. "We used to go to Quebec City, to Montreal and Toronto, and on to Alberta. Follow the old New Year's Eve trip, which being a job a region for two or three days."

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Quebec

## 'I did not hear the others scream'

"When the fire fell on my head... I was under a door and there were people in front... then I panicked and pushed and pushed... and I got out." The desperate determination to live burst in his eyes, for Gérard Pélissier, mayor of the little town of Châteauguay in northern Quebec, the nightmarish that he had experienced 60 hours earlier will never dim. For a split second the eyes indicate relief and then they sharpen again. "I did not hear the others scream," he says in a raspy voice, and his eyes turn away.

A down broke on New Year's Day in Châteauguay, a copper-mining town of 3,000, 300 miles north of Montreal, the community center which had often served as a dance hall was a heap of smoking rubble. Pélissier stood where the evening before, terror had ebbed, the windows, one-story building that had been a school for 10 years. They were swarming: "Twenty-four... and another one here, that's 25... and two over there... that's 27..."

Watching from a distance, shivering in the cold, a dead 31-year-old Robt Yoyer was lying on the ground, his head to stop doing it, the tale him so. "He had been asking about the young man who kept flicking his cigarette lighter, the tiny flame dangerously near an arch

lousing their money on television. The great reality, which has put winter elections down to three this century, will strike soon. Candidates at home will be seen on January and February. That is the period of television week," says Sears. On any given day this month 85 per cent of all Canadians will watch some broadcast according to the Bureau of Broadcast Media.

There is a problem though. While the cost of television ads is up 15 to 20 per cent over last spring, the parties have been allowed to spend just one per cent more under the Canada Elections Act. Sears wants to increase non-spending on radio and television advertising to 10 per cent, up from the \$200,000 from last spring. The Liberals said Tories will spend twice that amount. Where do the increases come from? By lightening the belt for things such as printed propaganda. Some other bills will have to be tightened too. Clukey wants to cut Clark's national tour by 30 per cent. To help do so he has cut the per diem for last shift expenses from \$30 to \$25.

Jan Anderson

\*Francis got 50 votes in Williams' riding, with two other candidates, including 21 for a far-left Liberal MP, Don Edwards, and Robert Ford, a community organizer leading for Liberal.



The Chapais community centre after the fire. Remains fed by plastic decorations

moonlike bite the legs first. You collapse. You can think and breathe, but your legs won't move."

After rolling in the snow to put out the fire in his hair and clothes, Mayor Pelletier found his wife standing barefoot, in a state of shock. "I took her home and put something on my hands. Then I went back." Although his hands were badly blistered, Pelletier refused treatment until he was sure that all the other injured had been cared for. Arrangements were made for government planes to transport the worst cases to Quebec City. And then the mayor heard the news: "There are at least 40 people missing," someone said. Pelletier refused to believe it.

Normand Trudel was treated for his burns at the Chapais health centre. It was there that he learned that his wife, his two sisters, a sister-in-law and a close friend were all dead. By week's end, all 44 victims had been identified.

In the early hours of Jan. 1, Constable

of fir boughs surrounding the hall's entrance.

The New Year's Eve party had been rocking. Young and old danced to loud disco music after some 325 revelers greeted the new decade. Normand Trudel, 38, president of the Chapais Lions Club, which had sponsored the dance, was pleased. The proceeds would go to needy children in town. After sniffling at his wife, Isabelle, Trudel got up from his table to take his turn behind the bar. A few minutes later, at 1:30 a.m., someone yelled, "A fire!"

At first, many in the crowd thought someone had started a movie projector, others believed that fireworks were being set off, so they kept on dancing. As the flames began to rise, the music stopped and people watched in silence while two men who had found fire extinguishers fought the blaze. It was almost under control when someone opened the front door of the hall and the draft of fresh air fanned the flames. With that, people began scrambling for the exits. But as those doors were flung open, a powerful draft rushed through the hall. Fed by plastic decorations, paper streamers and fir boughs hung on the walls, the fire became what one witness called "a roaring blower."

The flames were blazing 20 feet into the night through broken windows and dense black smoke poured out the doors. The roar of the fire was so intense that the screaming was drowned out. And then the survivors who were gathered outside the building realized that no one else could escape. An Chapais Police Chief Claude Roux explained: "Carbon



Mayor Pelletier in a roaring blower

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## Radio Shack

What you want to hear



Gelin in Quebec City for protection

Gélain Blouin of the Quebec Street, carrying a corner's warrant, drove to a small house on Black from the some of the first. An intruder, he pulled up 21-year-old Florent Chénier, an unemployed laborer, and took him to the nearby Chénier police station.

The next day, Quebec Fire Commissioner Cynthia Delage interviewed Chénier. He agreed to have Gelin taken to a Quebec City jail for his own protection. Around the same time, two provincial building inspectors were comparing notes. "Temperature inside the building must have hit 1,000° Celsius five minutes after the fire began," one of them said. They agreed that the building had met safety standards and they were now thinking of re-examination. "We have banned inflammable decorations from theatres. Maybe we should ask that they be banned from all enclosed public places," one said. "What about Christmas trees?" the other added.

Delage is sure that his inquiry into the deadly fire will be swift. He expects 22 witnesses to testify. "Do you suspect criminal negligence?" he was asked. "Yes, this is why Florent Gelin is being detained," Delage became pensive. He was remembering the hundreds of charred bodies that he had seen in his years of fire investigation. But mostly he was thinking about the bodies in Chapais and of the people who, a few hours earlier, had wished each other "Merry Xmas."

Andre Salvo

## P.E.I.

### Forcing the march to make a detour

Eldon Wright believes that progress must be halted—or at least should make a detour. When the powerful Maritime Electric Company Limited began expropriating chunks of land in 1977 to build a 30-mile power corridor, Wright, 56, was the only one of several dozen Prince Edward Island farmers to hold out against signing over a "right of way." In the past, Maritime Electric's expropriations have been made to ensure small stretches of power lines hiker and jog. But this time the company planned to cut a 160-foot-wide swath and send a row of 30-foot steel towers marching through the centre of the island. It is supposed to be the final phase in linking Charlottetown's power grid to the undersea cable that delivers electricity to the province from mainland sources.

The corridor has been cleared of trees and most of the 400 towers are in place—except for a 16-acre stand of sugar maple on Eldon Wright's farm. Wright says that to offend Maritime Electric the land it needed to go around his sugar bush (one of only nine in the province), "but they turned me down flat. Our family has nurtured this bush for generations and to cut it out for a power line when they could go around it was a waste." He considers the maple stand a renewable natural resource, a family heirloom and a potential maple syrup business when he and his 59-year-old brother, Arthur, retire. So Eldon set off to the P.E.I. Supreme Court to argue his case.

Eldon Wright with a reserved hat only one



The court will hear evidence only pertaining to the legality of the expropriation and as a consequence Wright lost Round 1, although the amount Maritime Electric was instructed to pay for the bush was stepped up to \$6,700 from \$800. Wright says the price isn't his main concern and has appealed, challenging the company's right to indiscriminate expropriations. Wright's lawyer, Dean Shaw, says, "The utility has run rampant across P.E.I. for years, exempted by building permits or environmental restrictions," and he adds that under present practice "Public Utilities Commission demands formula public policy in the absence of the government's willingness or ability to enforce codes applicable to all other citizens, private or corporate."

Many other P.E.I. farmers and landholders are angry about having given in to Maritime Electric so easily, especially now with high-tension wires crossing above their barnyards and towers dividing their fields. But according to Shaw, "They were convinced at the time of the signing that it would be fruitful to challenge the company, and subsequently negotiated." Construction of the corridor continues, but it resembles an impasse at Wright's boundary, where he keeps constant vigil as the chain saws and bulldozers rack over closer.

Lawyer Shaw says, "The company acts as though it has eminent domain and is proceeding as if Wright will sooner or later have to capitulate," and he describes it as a flagrant disregard for property. The power company has even marked with red strips of cloth the trees it wants to cut down. But the sugar bush still stands, Wright and his lawyer feel justified and confident in their action—and are only one mile left to go, for the first time in its existence, Maritime Electric may be induced to alter its route north.

John Ramsey

## World

### Death for détente?

By Ian Urquhart

The message from the Kremlin clattered over the rarely used Teler hotline in the Pentagon Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev was responding to a sharply worded message from U.S. President Jimmy Carter, who had called the invasion of Afghanistan "gross interference" in the country's internal affairs and a "blatant violation of accepted international rules of behavior." Not so, Valentin Brezhnev. The Soviets were simply responding to a call for help from Afghanistan, which was



Soviet camp at Kabul airport (top), and Soviet tanks in downtown Kabul as drastic change in Carter's opinion of the Soviets



Britain's Margaret Thatcher told Brezhnev she was "profoundly disturbed," but was reported to be only considering recalling her ambassador in Moscow, while French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing merely announced he was recalling his envoy in Kabul for "a complete account of events." Warned the influential daily, *Le Monde*, "It is dangerous to revive a feeling that goes back to the Cold War."

It was exactly that which Moscow accused Carter of doing in a sharply worded note to his TV address, and the denigration in U.S.-Soviet relations was further underlined by Soviet rejection of a NATO offer to negotiate away its recently announced demand to beef up its European nuclear arsenal. Talks could only take place, said Moscow, if NATO abandoned its modernization plans first. Yet, it seemed, had been built a crashing blow.

The shaking of NATO must have been a personal blow to Carter. The treaty was an achievement of which the president was enormously proud. In recent months, he had defended it against a barrage of criticism from hawkish senators.

As recently as last week, National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski was telling newsmen that NATO was "an accommodation that happens to be in our interest, that it is in the Soviet interest, and should be pursued... whether there are Soviet troops in Kabul or whether Soviet troops are marching back to Tashkent."

But four days later, Carter was forced to bow to political reality: Afghanistan meant that the Senate would almost certainly have killed the treaty had he

under attack from another nation that Brezhnev did not want.

Carter was far from last week, in an interview, he called Brezhnev a liar. The invasion had caused a "drastic change" in his opinion of the Soviets, he said, and prompted countermeasures. By sending the 13 ambassador to Moscow, former U.S. executive Thomas Watson, was back in Washington and the second strategic arms limitation treaty (SALT II), the ultimate token that the Soviet Union and the U.S. did not wish to remove a far-out arms race, was shelved. Gelin's message to the Soviets were cut by two-thirds and arms aid for Pakistan, halted because of the country's A-bomb program, were to be resumed. Both moves had drawn

backs Carter had promised U.S. farmers he would never use force as a diplomatic weapon, while warning Pakistan was expected to strangle India. But Carter clearly felt the rules were worth it. "History teaches few clear lessons," he told the nation on TV. "But surely one such is that aggression is unopposed becomes a contagious disease."

In contrast to China and Saudi Arabia, however, United States allies resented more unequivocally, perhaps because they felt Carter's actions were aimed at impressing American voters as well as the Soviet. Prime Minister Joe Clark denounced the Soviet invasion. But the only move he announced, the end of aid to Afghanistan, will hurt the Afghans more than the Soviets, and it was not immediately clear to what extent Canada would back the U.S. grain cutoff.

"Others received a similar message and Prime Minister Joe Clark rejected the Soviet contention."

pressed along with it. By setting it aside, SALT II might be recalled later. But it was a claim that was not made.

Equally alive were the chances of continuing coexistence at anything more than an extremely chilly temperature. While Brezhnev maintained that mark that the U.S. must not "let remembered by specific events" also embracing that "Helsinki is completely dead," he also conceded that the Soviet Union represented a "qualitative new step involving direct invasion of a country outside the Warsaw Pact." And observed outside the administration had fewer doubts about Gorbachev's desire. Said Dmitri Shost, director of Soviet studies at Washington's Georgetown University: "Afghanistan is the coup de grace." Gorbachev, former undersecretary of state George Ball, "Helsinki never was alive." — the United States and the Soviet Union have fundamentally antipathetic interests."

The phenomenon known as "détente," a French word literally meaning "dissension," or "withdrawal," usually dates from the Cuban missile crisis in 1962 when Soviet-U.S. relations hit a nadir and the world shivered on the brink of nuclear war. Thereafter, things improved and the two countries agreed in 1963 to ban atmospheric tests of nuclear weapons. But genuine American involvement in Vietnam and the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia kept the two sides distant. It did not really begin to flower until Richard Nixon assumed the presidency in 1969 with Henry Kissinger as his national security adviser. The smith probably came in 1972 when Nixon travelled to Moscow to sign the first SALT agreement and later that year as several that lowered tariffs on Soviet exports to the U.S.

After that, things started to go wrong again. Congress, led by the Democrats' Jewish Senator Henry Jackson, began to question the process and the Nixon administration, preoccupied with Watergate, did not have the time to defend it. In 1974, Congress made the 1972 trade agreement conditional on Soviet pledges to relax rules on emigration. The Soviets refused and the agreement collapsed in 1975. That was also the year Cuban troops began showing up in strategic sites in Africa.

In the Carter years détente has been viewed there was a low point in 1977, when Carter criticized the Soviets for human rights violations, and a high last year with the signing of SALT II. But the year was downward. Critics of the Carter administration said that the administration was to blame because it was interpreted by the Soviets as apologetic weakness.

Yet as the Soviet tanks and helicopter gunships pounded the Moslem rebels on the exposed hillside and valleys of

Afghanistan last week, Moscow correspondents were reporting that the Soviet side had hoped out of their own skin that détente was dead. They viewed recent Carter moves to increase the U.S. defense budget and to introduce new nuclear weapons to NATO forces in Europe as direct threats. They also concluded that SALT II would not win Senate approval anyway, so they had little to lose.

In the West, meanwhile, the debate continued about the motive for the Russian hard-line. In Washington it moved on a logical extension of Soviet imperialism with a warm-water port and access to Persian Gulf oil as the eventual goals. Others believed the Soviets stumbled into Afghanistan, much as the U.S. did into Vietnam. A third school of thought held that the Soviets were attempting to head off creation of a second Islamic state as their own borders which could spread unrest to the estimated 30 million Soviet Muslims.

Whatever the motive, the western critics seemed to be usually driven from their growing frustration at Carter's "policy of patience" toward Iran, winning him valuable time. There was also some hope in Washington that the Iranian rulers would be "brought to their senses" by the presence of Soviet troops on their border. But there was little evidence of this last week as Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini refused to meet United Nations Secretary-General Waldheim.

Both the Israelis and General Erlikson were preoccupied the week ended. But some observers felt that developments there might serve only to prove that body's impotence, leaving the U.S. to try to resolve the crisis unilaterally, with implications for the whole world.

## Philippines

### The president's number comes up

The slight, bespectacled politician with the gentle voice and the barely noticeable stoop in hardly anyone's idea of a dangerous revolutionary intent on overthrowing his government. But this is the charge as what a Philippines military court condemned 41-year-old Benigno Aquino to death in 1973 along with two others described as his accomplices.

More than 100,000 men, however, believe that the man who was President Ferdinand Marcos has yet to "advise" the Supreme Court what to do about the appeal against sentence of his longtime rival, who was widely thought to be about to commit him to the 1972 presidential elections when Marcos pre-



Aquino on temporary leave from prison is embraced by his wife, Cora, a congresswoman.

empted them by staging a coup. In fact the hot mood in Manila last week and that Aquino may be about to make a comeback.

For a man in the death cell, Aquino has extraordinary privileges. He is allowed frequent unofficial visits from his wife and has an air-conditioned room with radio television and other luxuries not allowed to the ordinary run of condemned men. He was even allowed to see the New Year in at home—in second period of "leave" in less than a year—which led diplomatic and political sources in Manila and elsewhere to suspect that Marcos is attempting to buy his way out of prison with the support of Aquino's embattled Liberal Party, which, though banned, remains a force in a country long beset with a corrupt, authoritarian version of the American two-party system. Marcos' own Nacionalista Party has been transformed into the New Society Movement. But his attempts to unite the country under his leadership have been less and less successful, and local elections scheduled for the end of this month—the first since Marcos imposed martial law seven years ago—could drive this point home. The assumption of the poll caught his opponents off balance, but while some were calling for a boycott others were forming a united front to contest the election.

While Marcos had considerable sympathy at the time of his coup, it has been

disputed by his somewhat inept handling of the government, resentful at the growing political power of the newly-wealthy, wife, friends, and the extent with which many of his cronies have gone from rags to riches. Marcos' new society has been fuelled only for his class supporters and it is generally believed that he remains in power by courtesy of the army. Meanwhile, inflationary pressures, compounded by the drain on resources caused by the Manila pocket revolution in the southern Philippines, are beginning to hurt.

There is no end in sight to the fighting there. The Moslem Moro National Liberation Front (MNLF) has the backing of Libya and Iran, which has imposed an oil embargo, forcing Marcos to buy on the spot market, and several other Muslim front groups. It also has massive support among the Moslem population in Mindanao province, which has grown substantially through migration from other parts of the Philippines. And the presence of Rear Admiral Renato de Villa, a relative of Imelda Marcos, as head of the local military government, has not helped matters.

### Breaking up the monopoly's game

The scene was enough to make any that once with only individuals at jewelry, perfume and to make with several of our best being carried off from the 32-story Tokyo headquarters of Nippon Telegraph and Telephone Corporation (NTT) last week it was the police who were controlling the spot—which anxious public officials had earlier refused to be used against monopoly—as evidence of a massive bribery and influence buying scandal involving top officials.

Land accounts of their activities have been released across the front pages of Japan's major newspapers since April. October when a young customs inspector at Tokyo's Narita International Airport caught two Japanese businessmen attempting to smuggle in a king's ransom in jewelry. What shocked the Japanese was not the smuggling, but that they had tried to sneak in an suitcase filled with more than \$100,000 worth of combined but that the two were senior KDO employees.

A subsequent investigation however revealed that since 1971, 30 KDO staffers have been ordered by the company's president, Masaru Iwano, to smuggle in more than \$2 million worth of antique gold coins, rare stamps, diamond-studded wristwatches and other valuables. Testimony of preliminary hearings. Iwano and the smugglers' profiles were referred to "parade," foreign government commis-

So the country's promised industrial revolution has not taken off. Indeed, the only growth that have been mentioned are the military's. Many political observers believe that by staging his coup in 1972, Marcos destroyed the country's fragile democracy for good. Certainly the military gave no signs of wanting to hand over power.

Like many political leaders in Asia, Marcos believes in the occult. In the Philippines, much fortune is placed on the goodness of goblins, spirits and dwarfs made through human intercession and much of the politicking that now is taking place stems from two such powers. One was that a prominent foreign visitor would be violently should he visit the country before the end of last year. It caused the government hurriedly to postpone the proposed visit of Pope John Paul II to Ann's only Catholic church. The other is that though Marcos' lucky number is seven, the seventh year of his rule (this year) is fraught with dangers that could bring about his disappearance. But if his prophesy comes true, the problems for the Philippines could well be only beginning.

N. G. Pili

## Nicaragua

### Trials and tribulations

Not since the Nazis were tried at Nuremberg has there been such a courtroom procession of war criminals. The trial of some 7,000 former National Guardsmen and supporters of deposed dictator Anastasio Somoza began last week in Managua, Nicaragua. The defendants are accused of corruption and atrocities, some of which are still coming to light. Only last month, city workers building a recreation centre in downtown Managua uncovered a mass grave of about 20 bodies of Sandinista guerrillas tortured to death by Somoza's guards. The intense scenes of their catalogue reforms were the only class to identify.

In all, some separate tribunals sitting simultaneously will hear the cases, though many of the accused will not appear before the 30 judges—lawyers, politicians, taxi drivers and farmers among them. Like Somoza, who



Some of the accused guerrillas, police and government officials in the 'courtroom'.

colours officials to help improve Japan's economic communications network, but public prosecutors soon uncovered the fact that Japanese politicians, key government businessmen and Tokyo's top-ranked police were the real recipients.

Rarely quietly imagined, but the government merely broadened its inquiry—and the next bid that emerged was that the smuggling operation was only part of a \$10 million anti-inflation scheme to avoid capital flight and the high profits that it makes between the Japanese yen a lot more for their phone calls than Canadian or U.S. subscribers.

The spot is the latest of several of the government's 111 semipublic corpora-

tion to come under fire for misusing funds. Both the Japan Housing Corporation and the Governmental Protection Agency have been found guilty of using public funds to entice wealthy of finance officials in the hope of securing big budgets increased and the state has been outraged by the revelations.

To regain public confidence the government recently designated several finance ministry officials. It also announced plans to eliminate 13 public organizations. But last week, as arrests of politicians, tax men and reporters probed the extent of government self-liquidity, more anti-inflation revelations were daily on the way—and the mood in Tokyo's Alaskan pleasure district, which borders the Diet (parliament) and most government ministries, was noticeably subdued.

Stephen Brunt



in Paraguay, they have taken refuge abroad and are unlikely to be extradited to face their accusers.

Great care has nevertheless been taken to ensure that the trials are properly conducted. International observers will be present throughout, some of them from the Organisation of American States (OAS), which is satisfied that the judges are, in the words of an OAS official, "people who are simply out for revenge." The accused have been allowed to choose their own lawyers and none faces the death penalty. The maximum sentence is 30 years.

While justice is taking its course—the trials may last as long as six months—small bands of former guerrillas continue to roam the Nicaraguan countryside, infiltrating Managua under cover of darkness to shoot at Sandinista soldiers on guard duty. The Sandinistas say that they lose "three or four" men every week.

But a much more serious threat to the fledgling government is the constant

Robert Laporte, who says he has "no interest in adding the Nicaraguan government to prove that Marxist works in Central America." Indeed, states continue to circulate in Washington that Nicaragua is under Fidel Castro's thumb, even though the Sandinistas' independent ways are casting them Nicaragua's friendship too. Bayardo Arce Costano, a member of the Nicaraguan national directorate, announced recently that Cuban aid had been reduced. Nine of the 1,000 teachers and only 65 of the 500 doctors judged had arrived. And even those badly needed personnel would be only a token force in the face of the desperate need of a country that lost 25 per cent of its industrial capacity and where half of the blue-collar work force is unemployed (even more are without jobs in the agricultural sector). In a very real sense it is the people of Nicaragua, rather than their former oppressors, who risk being condemned—without a fair hearing.

William Leathers

## U.S.A. Sighs of life from the dead

By Jonathan Adams Abram

Department of defence documents indicate that the United States government has "consistent and plausible" evidence that American prisoners are still being held in Vietnam, despite denials in Hanoi and the official Washington view that there is no confirmation of the charges. Among the evidence is a solid, two-part report from a respected Vietnamese intelligence officer who says he saw American prisoners in Vietnam as late as October, 1978.

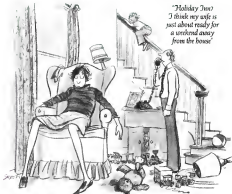
That and other "nightmare" have been revealed for the first time as a result of pressure brought by the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia, which has obtained release of hitherto secret documents under the President of Information Act. The fact that so much has been taken raises serious questions about the motives of both the Vietnamese and the authorities in Washington for, on the one hand, breaching the peace treaty by keeping former prisoners of war in custody and, on the other, not bringing more pressure to bear to determine whether the sightings are genuine.

The department of defence documents include dozens of eyewitness accounts from Vietnamese refugees who saw American soldiers being held in Vietnam as late as July, 1978. And there is an August, 1976, letter to Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, in which Defense Secretary Harold Brown wrote: "I have received a report of a Vietnamese refugee in Indonesia who claims to have been detained in the southern part of Vietnam with 49 American prisoners of war as late as July, 1978. This former ARVN soldier relates a consistent and plausible history although there are some significant discrepancies."

But perhaps the most alarming of the stories came from a former major in the South Vietnamese army, who later escaped to Malaysia. He reported that:

1. In February, 1977, two members of a seven-man team returned to Saigon from the north of Vietnam and reported

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Junta members (from second left) Daniel Ortega, Sergio Ramirez, Vicente Chamorro and Alfonso Robelo-Paoli, and guerrillas with rebel victims' skulls grave uncovered

chaos created by the civil war which ended in July. This U.S. Congress has so far taken no action on President Jimmy Carter's request for a \$75-million aid package. Assistant Secretary of State Vance Vaky told the House Foreign Affairs subcommittee that 80 per cent of the money would go to rebuild private business and prevent Nicaragua's turning to "Marxist pro-Cuba rule." U.S. "co-operation, respect and non-interference" could influence Nicaragua's future, said Vaky, because its leaders were divided over its future course. Some wanted a Marxist system but others wanted a pluralist government.

Unfortunately for Nicaragua, however, such appeals are not so well received as in California. Republican



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

that 238 Americans were being held at Ban Bat San Thy.

2. In late February, 1977, the son of a high-ranking Vietnamese official said he had seen American prisoners inside a forest 70 miles from Hanoi in February, 1976.

3. In mid-1977 a high-ranking public security officer said that a large number of American pilots were being held outside Hanoi.

4. A doctor from the north of Vietnam said that in October, 1977, he was treating 330 American prisoners 70 miles from Hanoi, but that 13 had died and all suffered from malnutrition.

The major talk interviewers he had been skeptical of the first bit of information, but that the accumulation of evidence led him to believe the stories were possibly true. Others who have reviewed the files have come to the same conclusion. A senior congressional aide said he was "convinced to a moral certainty" that Americans are alive in Vietnam. So, too, is the lawyer.

A typical account taken from a synopsis of the defense department files is that of a Vietnamese refugee living near Philadelphia, who told the lawyer in 1977 that he had seen two bound American prisoners in a notorious swamp in October, 1975. The Americans were being taken into a forest in southern Vietnam. The Defense Intelli-



gence Agency (DIA) was presented with the evidence, but chose not to interview the refugee. A DIA memo doubts the report because the refugees said the prisoners were headed south instead of north, which the DIA reviewer believed to be the logical course. In July, 1979, a second memo by a DIA official came to the conclusion that the two Americans on the swamp were one man—Arlo Gray, an American released by the Vietnamese in October, 1975.

In March 1977, a refugee told interviewers at a Southeast Asian refugee camp that after arrest by the Vietnamese in 1976 he was kept in Tra Vinh prison for six months before making

Americans in North Vietnam's Ly Nam de prison, called the "Hanoi Hilton." In 1973, scores of many captives still held

prisoners saw the same Americans every two or three days as close as a yard away.

Despite the fact that three American prisoners have been released since the general repatriation in 1973, the department of defense continues to maintain that such reports are not sufficient evidence to seek explanations from the Vietnamese. A source within the department told *McGraw-Hill* he would want a "blood type, mug shot and a signature" from a prisoner before making

players whose presence has added such interest to the New York team.

They heard up when Stord's Borjan (aeromats John Worsick called Nilsson, 5'10" wing) in a local exchange with Rangers' goalie John Davidson. And then as the teams, who had defeated the Rangers, entered the ice, a New York fan allegedly reached over the boards and threw a punch at Stord's forward Stan John. One who had scored the winning goal (John the exile had mentioned that Johnstone had punched his brother with a stick.)

After that, an angry band of fans led

Players reach the classic European with a preference for skating over brawling

by Terry O'Reilly. Craig MacLeod and Peter Ikonen look off into the stands and when the combats had been going apart four fans were backed on disorderly conduct charges at a neighboring police station.

It could well have ended there—another all professional hockey's increasingly frequent confrontations with the law. But New York City's leading newspaper, having given the brawl due consideration, last week escalated the confrontation with an unprecedented comment on hockey on its sober-sided national page. The Times came out firmly in favor of the last standing and puck control of European hockey and lauded the National Hockey League's 20 Swedish players for importing the continental style to North America. "Delfed Europeans with a preference for skating over brawling are breaking up what has been a what Canadian monopoly," it opined the paper.

New York Ranger president Wilbur Jennings admitted he has complained to Mr. President John Ziegler on the anniversary reception the team's Swedish players Nilsson and teammate Anders Holberg, have returned in the ice. His main grievance was directed at the Times, however. Said Jennings: "I don't know how many sports fans read the editorial to know what's going on with the team."

Rita Christopher

representations. Otherwise, he implied, the Vietnamese would deny holding him.

And the department's attitude is shared in higher quarters. The Carter administration has moved to declare dead all but 38 of the 2,487 Americans unaccounted for in Southeast Asia, a step which is described by Dennis Puley, counsel to the keeper, as "absolutely correct." There is no reliable indication why Vietnam should want to hold American prisoners as long after the war if, indeed, Americans are being held. But a senior staffer who accompanied Congressman Lester Wolff's fact-finding mission to Hanoi last August said he believed the Vietnamese might have originally held prisoners to ensure the United States would pay the war reparations promised in the Paris accord.



Secretary of State Cyrus Vance: all but 38 of the unaccounted-for declared dead

What is certain, however, is that Vietnamese officials who are familiar with the policies of their government have had Vietnam and are talking to American officials. Among them, say sources close to the events, are officials formerly responsible for administration of Vietnamese prisons.

In addition, McGraw-Hill has learned that the former APWS colonel reported he personally saw about two dozen American prisoners being held outside Saigon in October, 1976. Officials at the defense department describe the colonel's information as classified and "extremely sensitive."

American officials claim they are pursuing every avenue with the presumption that the evidence may be true. They cite a beefed-up CIA staff as evidence of their good intentions. But the questions remain: what will the US government do with the information it has, and what are the intentions of the Vietnamese? ◇



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Jensen: what does it feel like to be shot?

novel *The Four Hundred*. But to uncover the method by which his four American "heroes" made \$400,000 from the Bank of England in 1878, Sheppard had to spend months digging for the "base bones" of the story in the archives of the British Museum. The effort has paid off, however, and the first-time novelist recently cashed in on movie rights of \$1 million. On the subject of money, Sheppard, 34, waxes poetic: "Money releases you, says the old-selling author, who has a penchant for the gambling at Monte Carlo. "Bank managers all over the world are sending me, and offering to lend me money. Where the hell were they when I needed them?"



When you are 18 years old and have no acting experience, it's not easy to land the lead in a million-dollar movie. Unless, of course, you are pretty and happen to meet the genetic offspring of an unusual character. Not normally, B.C.'s *Cindy Jensen* met these criteria and she is now starring in *Up River*, an adventure that is being filmed in the B.C. Interior. Jensen plays White Swan, a half-Indian princess who marries a white homesteader and is raped and murdered in a dispute over gold. Jensen is not an Indian princess, she has never been raped and she found it difficult being murdered on screen because "I didn't know what it felt like to be shot." Sheen, however, the daughter of a Scandinavian father and an Indian mother from the Twana tribe of northern B.C. Jensen found that her native heritage helped her to develop her character, but she doesn't plan to remain typical for the rest of her life. She has one reason left in the modelling course she was taking before she was "discovered," and says, "It's acting."

Doing research on a bilingual novel can be extended to the ultimate degree. Stephen Sheppard, for example, checked almanacs and news clippings for the weather on the dates he talks about in his true-life, robbery-suspense

been difficult for us to get away from the brother image," admits Tom. "People think we don't get along anymore but Dick is my best friend."

After playing a disengaged hippie in the 1971 film *Outragious Fortune*, Jensen might have been wary of repeating herself. But her latest role, as a pregnant flower child in *Love Is a Four Letter Word*, says the actress. "In a way, I really want to do it." When her last scenes are shot, the fragile Toronto actress will leave co-stars Earl Cameron, Susan Sarandon and Canadiana Kate Field and Al Waxman behind and head back to India where she spent three months last year—inspiring only when her money ran out and it was income



McLaren: hippie flower child goes to India

tax time again back home. "Travelling, or just being," she insists, "is far more important to me at this point than becoming a movie star."

Cruise can pay. Once Spain's most wanted man, robber *Manolo Sanchez* lived up the talk-show with his stylish escapes. But now the 37-year-old "El Lute" is a model prisoner, propping up underdogs from his maximum security prison, staying low and, most recently, defending what remains of his honor against a Jamaican mob crime group, *Bongay*. When *El Lute*, an unimpaired due to Sanchez's life story, scored European charts with sales of one million, the reformed crook went getting for his rights. The recording

company promptly agreed to settle out of court for \$70,000 worth of El Lute's righteous anger. "Now that I know how to defend myself," he declared, "I believe I have a perfect right to charge for the exploitation of my name."

The wrinkle shows accurately but the pelvis is streamlined and the chest is hairy. And although *Monte States* of Williams Lake, B.C., admits that there are "gaps who sing like Elvis better and guys who look more like Elvis than I do," few instances have survived as long on the road as the 23-year-old Sheslay Indian with his 13-piece backup band and \$3,500 sequined jumpsuits. "I've got him down," says States. Since he began performing in the early '70s, he has toured *The Elvis Presley Story* in Las Vegas, South Africa and the Far East—a far cry from his salad days in Prairie town where, he recalls, "You'd have to beat up the manager to get your money."

In 1963, the *Monte States* called the truck standard named *Monty* which

States: the pelvis is more streamlined



Hunter: a hard-loving reputation behind

featured such lyric simplicity as *The Best Things in Life are Free*, but you can give them to the birds and bees! I send money. This freedom she is once again appearing in a record chart is a veteran by Britain's latest avant-punk discovery, *The Flying Lizards*. *Realized* fans would hardly recognize this year's *Money*, which features a married genre known only as "pulsant minimalism" and a vocalist known only as *Barbara* who chants "Just give me your money." Though it is rising up international charts, *Money* was actually conceived and produced as a joke by sound artist David Cunningham, 24, who conceived his humor for his then \$50. "I don't think it's difficult to make a hit record," says Linard Cunningham. "All you need is a tape recorder and your subway fare."

Just Margalit's first film role was as a prepubescent teen-ager who fell in love with *Kate Pulaski*. But the 1962 cult classic *David and Lisa*, which seemed to spell a bright future for the precocious 16-year-old, propelled her instead into a tangle which included a disastrous 1969 *Marion Mainwaring* epic. *Marion* drove almost to suicide by what she calls her on-star's "self-destructive phase." Margalit declined acting for psychology classes at UCLA and marriage. "It was frightening to be told by everyone that I was a great actress," she recalls. "I began to believe my body." Today, the high-thresholded divorcee is set on reassembling her hit-and-miss career. After snagging a bit part as *Wanda Allen's* wife in the 1977 comedy *Annie Hall*, Margalit won the lead in *Element of Risk*, a ride mystery now being filmed, and the Arthur Kravitz-designed Vancouver courthouse complex which doubles as a sinister plutonium plant.

But this is one of the most dangerous roles of my career," insists actor *Richard Mansfield*. Putting 40 lines and a reputation as a hard lover behind him, the 48-year-old ex-rugby player stripped down his ego for the role of a middle-aged industrialist who falls into love and impotence in the new Canadian movie *Your Fictive Is No Longer Valid*, shot in Montreal, New York and Paris. *Fluor*'s scenario is a luscious young Brazilian played by Canadian starlet *Jessica Alba*. "It's a definite part for me," said *Fluor*, whose advances warned him that impotence might damage his virile image, "but after that movie is over I'll prove to the world I'm not."

Edited by Marsha Beaton/Constance Brisson



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# The new gold rush

By Anthony Whitham

After all the anticipation, the long wait is here, the silver excitement of the prospect of overnight wealth—after all this, the look of disappointment as her face was so painfully hard to control. "It was me, so insignificant," she muttered, holding the tiny plastic envelope up to the light, unable even to catch a glint of sunlight in the tiny gold wafer contained within. With that, she disappeared into the swirling morning crowds in downtown Toronto, having invested, along with hundreds of others like her, the best part of her worldly savings in a single ounce of gold—some small cigarette during two frantic worldwide days of trading which saw gold and its sister precious metals smash all previous price records to reach levels that some gold analysts were already describing as "madness."

Ordering in the New Year in the wake of gloomy economic forecasts and growing political and military tension in the Middle East, last week's surge in gold and precious metal prices—with gold fetching as high as \$860 (U.S.) on



London markets—may have marked a new low point in confidence and inflation in major Western economies. Fueled by large purchases of bullion by Middle East countries and European banks, prices shot upward by nearly \$100 in just two days, bringing gold to more than double its price of a mere six months ago, while silver too leaped forward, smashing the psychological \$30 level that for so long had provided for gold. "It's almost the herd instinct," said Stephen Harvey, vice president of Deak Canada Ltd., a leading bullion brokerage firm, whose Toronto offices were besieged with frantic buyers last week's frantic buying spree. First-

400-ounce bars in Scotland's Toronto vaults are able to catch a gust of sunshine.

time buyers who jumped in at peak levels could hardly have been encouraged by later developments which saw gold prices slide back by as much as \$40 by week's end, closing Friday at \$699 (\$694 U.S.) an ounce. Though some gold analysts are now warning that gold prices will break the \$1,000 level before the year is out, others are shaking their heads.

More intriguing is some analysts' in the potential impact of rising metal prices—particularly gold—on the world economy at large. According to conventional economic wisdom, rising gold

prices is a symptom—not a cause—of inflationary times and lack of confidence in paper currencies. "It's not so much that gold is rising in price, but more that other currencies—especially the U.S. dollar—are falling in value," says André Hadasson of Metal and Co., investment counselors in Montreal. Ever since 1911 when the U.S. demonstrated gold—putting an end to the traditional plan to issue every \$5 in bills with one ounce of gold stored in Fort Knox—the dollar and other currencies, Hadasson agrees, have been debased by the excessive printing of paper money. Other analysts agree that a more accurate way of calculating the "value" of gold can be determined by tracing its historical relationship to the price of oil, a traditional ratio of 16 to 1. "Both gold and oil appear to be gaining wildly—ever arbitrarily—in relation to the dollar," says Peter Corvelli, vice-president of Guardian Trust Co. in Toronto, "but their relation to one another has actually remained fairly constant."

In fact, the recent surge in gold prices may merely forecast a further jump in oil prices within the near future.

Another factor contributing to gold's soaring price is its relative scarcity in world markets. Annual world supply is generally flat, according to Hans-Joachim Schaefer of West Germany's Dresdner Bank with the majority produced by South Africa, followed by the Soviet Union, and the remainder from other Western producers, including Canada, which ranks a distant third in world production. According to one estimate, the entire production of gold since the beginning of time would occupy the space of a football field about three feet deep.

For all the excitement—and panic—generated by the latest gold surge, the overall impact on the Canadian economy, and on Canadian consumers, will scarcely even be noticed, at least in the short term. Though embroiled in deeper problems confronting world economies with long-term ramifications, the actual gold market as small compared even with Canadian stock exchanges or the bond market, involving a few big buyers and sellers in generate wild fluctuations in price, at least week's action showed. Consumers will pay more for jewelry and dental work, but that's about it. They'll also pay more for the silver prices rose. Montreal's Kohnst, of Rochester, New York, for example, which uses about 50 million ounces of silver annually in photo processing, estimates its operating costs rise by about \$50 million every time the price of silver goes up \$1 an ounce. These and other costs will be passed on by metal users. When someone says "gold," bare your fangs, not your dollars, and don't smile at the camera.

## Greed goeth before a fall

"We have to recognize that gold is not a very happy investment, hovering in the worst thing that can happen to any economy." Peter Corvelli may be one of the greatest gold-buffers in Canada, but he also recognizes the dark, almost psychotic mentality of the obsessive "gold bug." Once the money has been drained out of the productive sectors of the economy and stored up and sold in gold, who can blame it for its fall? And the price of gold may keep on rising, inspiring untold future rewards for the holder, what use is it and converted back into currency—at which point the precious investment suddenly vanishes. For many a gold investor it's a painful, almost neurotic conviction.

Having said that, Corvelli adds, "gold is still the greatest insurance policy there is." I recommend that anyone with capital to invest should keep between 10 and 20 per cent in gold. Corvelli, vice-president of Guardian Trust Co. of Toronto and a leading Canadian authority on gold, describes gold as the "superstar" among the various investment securities chosen by those seeking a hedge against inflation, particularly at times like the present, with inflation—the lightning of cash and credit—already around the corner. "What's the use of investing in diamonds or wine, or Rembrandt—and even—there's no money around to chase up the price, or no way of determining their value at any given time? At least gold is named, and has been for

hundreds of years. It has a value.

The tradition in North America goes back to the 18th century, when gold and silver coins were used in the colonies to buy goods and services. In the early 19th century, when the colonies were still part of the British Empire, gold and silver coins were used in the colonies to buy goods and services. In the early 20th century, when the colonies were still part of the British Empire, gold and silver coins were used in the colonies to buy goods and services. In the early 21st century, when the colonies were still part of the British Empire, gold and silver coins were used in the colonies to buy goods and services.

For those preferring to have the gold right in their hot little hands or in a sock under the bed, Canada has a varied number of accredited gold dealers. Leading among gold dealers—and one of the largest gold dealers in the world—is the Bank of Nova Scotia, which has been selling gold to Canadians since 1968 (U.S. citizens were barred from owning gold until 1975). It was nearly 30 years later, in 1978, that the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce decided to enter the field as well, joining the two banks in a small handful of accredited bullion dealers, notably Deak Canada Ltd. and the gold division at Guardian Trust Co. Eager as they may be to sell the gold, the two clubs of brokers never declare how much they've sold—and in the past weeks, with prices rising almost mania by mania, haven't even been willing to quote a price over the phone. It is striking: the gold psychology.

Gold bugs in Toronto: psychotic mentality



## The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear

Swapt in a kind of Midas mania—like their counterparts in Canada and throughout the world—American investors started the New Year on a buying spree, grabbing up everything that glinted, providing a new gold—that included of course Canada's Maple Leaf coin—some ounce of this gold. Apart from the price buying of the past week however, the coin has failed to catch on among U.S. investors since its introduction last September, proving itself no match for the traditional treasures of the gold world—particularly South Africa's celebrated Kruggerand.

When the Maple Leaf was first issued it did generate an initial flurry of interest, though since another substance that even then, its only gold about 100 Maple Leaf



Kruggerand: attracted by the novelty

coins for every 1,000 Kruggerands. That figure however turned out to be inflated by demand from coin collectors attracted by the novelty. Today, with bullion investors doing most of the buying, the same broker estimates he sells just 10 to 20 Maple Leaf coins per 1,000 Kruggerands. One reason for the drop in sales could be a lack of

advertising. South Africa—the world's largest producer of gold—has traditionally avoided the Kruggerand with a heavy advertising and promotion campaign would the world wide Canada according to U.S. gold specialists, does little to promote the Maple Leaf. A spokesman for the Royal Canadian Mint said at one time of the initial run of Maple Leaf coins, had been sold at a discount, but don't know what had happened to them beyond that. Last week both coins were selling at comparable prices—about a seven-per cent premium above the basic going price for one ounce of gold if anything, the Maple Leaf has been a little cheaper. Indeed, \$750 Canadian at week's end, even though its gold purity is technically less than the Kruggerand. The premium percentage is expected to drop for the Maple Leaf once the latest surge of gold fever dies down. If it does drop, the more competitive price may impander greater sales. The Maple Leaf for sale.

Jeremy Gassett

## Cheating in football is a matter of degrees



By John Feinstein

The first day of each year belongs to Pasadena, California, a quiet suburb located about 30 minutes north of Los Angeles. On New Year's Day, without fail, about one percent of the United States' population joins the Pasadena Bowl. Many parade through the streets, others watch the parade. But the reason they are all there, and the reason millions of North Americans watch the day-long celebration on television, is a college football game. It is the Rose Bowl, the granddaddy of all. It has been played now for 66 years and, for the past 15, more than 160,000 people have jammed into the huge old stadium named for the game. This year, as the University of Southern California defeated Ohio State 17-14, 345,500 fans squeezed into the stadium while close to one 60 million others watched on TV.

"This game is what college sports is supposed to be about," said Southern California Coach John Robinson, an 11-time state champion. "This game has two teams who have worked hard to get here, who have great respect for one another and will play their hearts out. That's what this game is supposed to be about." What the game of football, what all of intercollegiate sport in the U.S. has become in recent years, goes far beyond young men doing battle on the field. Intercollegiate sport

USC's Charles White (12) in the Rose Bowl game. One makes it through four years.

is big business. Consider the following:

- The two teams competing in the 1990 Rose Bowl each received nearly \$2.5 million from a combination of gate receipts, concessions, TV and radio fees. The competing schools will split that money with the other nine schools in their respective conferences. So a school like Northwestern, which was one game down the 1978 season, is guaranteed more than \$200,000.

- The Rose Bowl teams have annual budgets for their football programs of \$1 million. That includes 95 full athletic scholarships, travel expenses, equipment and advertising. Both schools, however, make money on football. Ohio State has sold out every home game in its 62,112-seat stadium at \$10 a ticket for the past 12 seasons. USC has averaged 70,000 fans every home game during that same period.

Because intercollegiate sport is a multimillion-dollar business, cheating is no small part of it as the Rose Bowl game. Each year several colleges are punished, usually by being declared ineligible for post-season competition, by the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA). In the past, 96 percent of the violations concerned recruiting. But in recent months a new phenomenon has become public grade

filing. First, it was revealed that several basketball players at the University of New Mexico had received academic credit for summer school courses at another college—without taking the courses. Since that incident several other schools have been investigated for similar violations. Included among them are Oregon and Oregon State, who play in the Pacific-10 conference with Southern California. Another Pacific-10 school, Arizona State, fired its football coach, Frank Kush, at mid-season for allegedly hitting a player on the sidelines during a game. Later in the season, it was learned that Arizona State had been using eight football players who were academically ineligible. All their wins in conference play were declared forfeit.

Today, virtually every U.S. university lowers its admission standards for athletes, especially in football and basketball. These athletes are assigned special tutors whose sole purpose is to keep the athletes eligible. Many players never graduate and, among those who do, few receive their degrees in the standard four years.

There are a myriad of reasons for the overwhelming success of U.S. college sports that go beyond the favored desire of alumni and supporters to see their teams win. One of them is that sport provides an escape from reality. Perhaps the concept was best summed up by Southern California President James Hubbard the day before the Rose Bowl: "Amidst the awful events going on in the world and amidst our institution of higher learning who will not shake by our rules and those in the world who will not abide by international rules, it is delightful to be gathered here in Pasadena for a parade and a football game."

Perhaps that is why more than 5,000 people paid \$6.50 each to sit on sand-wiches on their laps and listen to Hubbard and others speak at a pregame luncheon. Perhaps that is why every move made by the two teams during the week before the game was taped, photographed and written about by hordes of reporters. "I think people would rather watch Charles White [Southern Cal's star running back] than watch news reports about the apocalyptic day in and day out," said Southern Cal quarterback Paul McDougal, a thoughtful young man who hopes someday to be a judge.

This year's Rose Bowl was a great game, with White scoring the winning touchdown for Southern Cal in the final two minutes. "This week and this game are college football," Robinson said moments after the game was over. "At least," he added with a somewhat wistful smile, "they're what it should be." ♦

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Feb. 15/2: 00 pm

Feb. 17/3: 00 pm

#### Serenade

Song of a Wayfarer

Washington Square

Feb. 24, 16/8: 00 pm

Romance and Juliet

Feb. 20, 21, 22/8: 00 pm

Feb. 23/2: 00 pm and 8:00 pm

Feb. 24/3: 00 pm

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Encores

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## Medics for the fitness generation

Come back in pain and don't forget your shoes. Toronto sports medicine doctor Charles Bull told his patient, a middle-aged jogger whose marathon heart couldn't compare what seemed to be a mere seven-mile loop. Following Bull's ultrasound orders, he ran until cramps laid siege to the knee, hopped back to York University's Bobby Orr Sports Medicine Clinic and listened again to Bull's final diagnosis: the final lap in the shoe. A few strips of adhesive padding later, the man was running painlessly, thanks to one of a growing number of experts in Canada's latest disease: health.

No longer content to let others pump adrenaline for them, an estimated 15 million Canadians are now turning off television sets, turning in stadium tickets and turning on to physical activity. But with it, they're finding, comes a host of ailments and accidents, everything from tennis elbow to the alarming consequences of being an athlete idiot. While weekend amateurs crowd hospital emergency wards and physicians' waiting rooms, others are finding skilled and sympathetic treatment at burgeoning sports medicine clinics. "We're dealing with the diseases of excellence," says Ottawa orthopedist Don Johnson of Carleton University's Sports Medicine Clinic. "The average physician isn't trained to treat the recreational athlete."

Unknown to most doctors, sports medicine is being practiced by 380 specialists in at least 15 Canadian hospitals and university-based sports medicine clinics. Hospitals such as Ottawa's Scarborough General patch-lid with school bands, doubling physiotherapy wings into sports medicine clinics for their leisure-time athletes. Injured students literally walk in off the field. The hospital also operates pre-season conditioning programs for football, hockey and skiing.

The centres are staffed by doctors and therapists, many of whom are athletes themselves. Besides orthopedists, there are often internists, cardiologists, nutrition experts, clinical psychologists and trainers available. And while



Clamored and pained, "pain equals protest"

sports medicine is not yet a recognized division of medicine, the University of British Columbia Medical School has installed it in its 1986 curriculum.

Treatment of an injured athlete is simple enough, says former Olympic athlete Dr. Doug Clement of Simon Fraser Sports Medicine Clinic. "It's the diagnosis that throws most physicians. The problems of the super athlete are foreign to our health care system. Our health care focuses on disease rather than on health. There's a whole new body of problems."

The goal of sports medicine is to keep the injured athlete active. "Absolute rest is no longer the cure-all to healing athletes," says Halifax orthopedic surgeon Bill Stanish of the Nova Scotia Sports Medicine Clinic. Keeping an injured jogger active, for example, would involve swimming and cycling as temporary substitutes while thigh muscles are redeveloped with weight training.

By far most injuries result from what doctors call the "tennis syndrome"—trying to push the suit-of-conditions, over-30 body too far, too fast. Ignoring fatigue and chest pains, weekend athletes have suffered heart attacks. Says Stanish, "Pain equals protest against

something breaking down. Running through pain is balance." Tests are also available to determine the fractional tissue age of an athlete's bone. "I have a 70-year-old female jogger, and 50-year-olds on aerobic walking programs," says Raymond Roper, a Toronto doctor who has a special interest in food and fitness and uses the tests. He says that patients don't know where to start, or what and how much they can do. "If exercise were a drug," adds Simon Fraser's Doug Clement, "the government would put a big label on it." Use with caution. Potential poison? There are danger guidelines to follow.

While sports medicine centres do research on physical problems encountered by recreational athletes, they're also finding other areas to look at. The Nova Scotia Sports Medicine Clinic's Bill Stanish has seen patients who are suffering from depression "even if it isn't," he says. It's something that can't yet be explained medically. In the meantime there remain less profound problems to be treated: asymptomatic tennis players who cut themselves opening a can of balls, or people such as the Kansas City runner who was knocked to his knees and suffered puncture wounds to the head. His assailant, a white-bellied bird with a five- or six-foot wingspan, was last seen breeding skyward.

Anita Lerner

## Embracing the child of a Jewish father

"Some people say that it doesn't matter how many Jews there are as long as they are good Jews and carry on the tradition," Jewish scholar Rami Packerstein of the University of Toronto and recently. "But this sounds like a counsel of despondency. How few can carry the torch?" Over recent history and an intermarriage rate approaching 66 per cent, it's hardly surprising that many Jews share Packerstein's fear for the survival of Judaism. The least strict adherents known as Reform Jews have tried to preserve dwindling Jewish numbers (there are now an estimated 15 million Jews worldwide, compared to 24 million before the Second World War) by updating the strict, traditional laws. And in so doing they have repeatedly incurred the ire of Orthodox Jews who believe the Reform torch shines only with the light of secular, assimilationist ethics. Last month in Toronto, 3,000 delegates from the 150 Reform congregations in Canada and the U.S. took a major step which infuriated Orthodox Jews still more. They overwhelmingly approved a proposal to change the definition of Jewishness.

Schneider and the Torah-carrying the Reform torch, redrawing Jewishness



Traditionally, the child of an intermarriage is accepted as Jewish only if his mother is a Jew. The proposal by Rabbi Alexander Schneider, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, would make either parent sufficient. Says Packerstein, "If the Reformists decide not to keep kosher, the Orthodox will say, 'That's your business, I won't eat at your house.' But if they say, 'We intermarry what Jews means differently, that is a very serious matter because it may mean that an Orthodox Jew cannot marry a Reform Jew whose mother is not Jewish.'"

Reform Jews already ignore many of the traditional prohibitions they took on the Sabbath and ordain women rabbis, but the differences extend far beyond such issues. "From the Orthodox standpoint, the Torah [Scripture] is divinely revealed," says Packerstein, "as are the rabbinic interpretations of the oral tradition."

Therefore the possibility of making changes is severely limited. However, the Reform Jews, who

number about one million in North America, one sixth of the North American Jewish population, think that whatever the relationship to the diversity may be, the law is basically righteous and therefore can be modified if there are good reasons.

But what counts as a good reason? Toronto's Rabbi Gedalia Felder, a renowned expert on Jewish law, stresses that Orthodox, when presented with a modern problem, goes back to the divine Scripture and rabbinic commentary. It is a delicate process of scholarship and interpretation. As Orthodox Rabbi David Dreiner of Toronto says, "It's not something for laymen to decide." Nor is it a matter of just looking up a law, he adds. "It can't be for a layman, but for a judge." Reform Jews, on the other hand, believe Judaism's permanent values are expressed in the traditional laws which are products of historical conditions that may no longer hold. They do not disregard the traditional writings, explains Rabbi Jerome S. Malach, president of the Central Conference of American Rabbis (Reform), instead they check the laws "to see if they give reasons for the rules or regulations." In this way, he says, Reform Jews can interpret the laws and modify appropriate ways in which to preserve the old values in a changed world. "The effort is made to make it a rational act now."

To confuse matters, Malach says the Reform rabbinate has accepted the child of a Jewish father as Jewish (as has the child was reared in a Jewish home) for more than 50 years—although few Jews from either side of the debate seem to have heard. Schneider insists that this definition of Jewishness has not been collectively articulated yet and that Reform rabbis have been heatedly arguing over the "change" for the past several years.

Reform Jews hope the move—which will only become law after at least two years of study by a task force—will attract more people to the Jewish faith. But Conservative Rabbi Herbert Felder of Toronto (think a guy may have the opposite effect. The long-range prognosis for a Jewish community that continues large-scale intermarriage is not very good.) Yet all agree that the bonds among Jews are stronger than the differences. "Will Judaism disappear if the definition is not made? For 2,000 years we've heard that argument," says Dreiner. "No one's been able to explain our existence before and I don't see why 1980 should be any different."

David Weinberger

# Reclaiming the rank and file

By Doug Fetherling

Two decades ago author Miriam Chagnon made the startling observation that Canada was the only ostensibly independent country in the world whose labor organizations were run by leaders from outside. And she was right: at that time international unions accounted for almost three-quarters of all union membership in Canada. But now that figure is considerably less than 50 per cent and dropping. The Canadianization of the country's unions is happening so steadily that the labor movement may soon find itself on equal footing with its influential counterparts in other Western countries.

The change, while reasonably slow, has been the result of several trends within society. The huge growth of government bureaucracy is probably the biggest factor, since almost without exception public service workers come under one all-Canadian union or another. Then there is the recent discovery of hitherto unemployed territory for union organizers to conquer. Canadian chartered bank employees, for example, are only now beginning to organize and will be to a large degree the new blood of the 1990s and 1990s. But perhaps the most significant aspect of the Canadianization of the unions has been as much passive as active: the decision by the internationalists to relinquish, in varying extents, their stronghold on Canadian recruits.

When the 300,000-strong OIL, Chemical and Atomic Workers International (OCAWI) voted in August last year on whether to let Canada secede from the union, the proposition passed unanimously. For three years, by Canadian members had been lobbying for the right to autonomy, as workers in other areas have been doing for the past decade. Now the 20,000 Canadians who broke away are laying plans to merge with a similar group—the 1,000-member Canadian Chemical Workers—which itself split (and was barely rescued) from an American parent in 1975. A founding convention scheduled for April in Montreal will formally bring the two nationalistic groups together, probably under the new name of the Energy and Chemical Workers Union. And when this happens, it will be a great day for Neil Rossner, national director of the larger of the two. It will



complete an ironic circle that has been almost three decades in the making. Rossner, 58, is the architect of both the OCAWI reorganization and of the merged union (which hopes to bring other sectors of the domestic resources industry under its umbrella). He's also the grand old man of energy unionism. In 1962, after years in the farthest co-op movement, he was one of the founders of the Oil Workers' Independent Union, which started out as a purely Canadian affair but was eventually gobbled up by the precursor of the American-controlled OCAWI—the very group from which he has now splintered. Revenge is sweet, but Rossner's motives are rather more ideological than personal. "As sure as I'm sitting here," he says, "Canadians want their own union. We've already had at least a dozen inquiries from other unions wanting to know how to gain autonomy. This isn't anti-Americanism. It's just a fact of life." It's also the logical extension of something with roots in the socialist turmoil of the 1960s.

In those days, the 100 "Canadian" unions attached to American ones were viewed paternalistically, if considered much at all, and there were several horror stories. At one point, the Toronto Typographical Union, which struck the

Rossner, Communications Workers picket last month, conquering horse industry



Toronto newspapers in July, 1964, wanted to settle but was told not to do so by international headquarters in Colorado Springs; the strike dragged on for years and management broke that local of the union. Then in 1970 (another rallying point), the United Rubber Workers in the U.S. made no public protest when Dunlop Canada Ltd. closed a Toronto plant, putting 600 people out of work. And until relatively recent times, construction unions here were prohibited by their U.S. constitutions from supporting the NLRB. Since then, much of the rhetoric has subsided but positive action has taken its place.

The first sign of autonomy without name came in 1972 when Canadians in the Communications Workers of America set up their own Communications Workers of Canada, which later organized Bell Canada. Other American unions to acknowledge the sovereignty of their Canadian rank and file have included the National Brewery Workers, the National Association of Broadcast Employees and Technicians and the Brotherhood of Railway, Airline and Steamship Clerks. The degree of autonomy varies from the nominal to the complete, depending upon the health of the particular industry in Canada and the extent of domestic solidarity.

The best feature of the OCAWI divorce, according to Rossner, is the fact that it was accomplished with relatively little acrimony on either side of the border. Even within the energy field, where there have been as many as 100,000 workers, the executive director of the Canadian Chemical Workers, was fired by his international when he first began voicing nationalistic leanings. "And even today," says Rossner, "there are some internationalists who wouldn't allow this sort of decision." By comparison with Stewart's, Rossner's own parent union was benign. But that wasn't good enough. "We did have some autonomy within the international but it was overly paternalistic," he says. "Things must not only be right, they must appear to be right. We didn't have the autonomy even though autonomy was being practiced."

Rossner and other union leaders believe that mergers, with their safety-in-numbers overtones, are the inevitable next stage now that more and more unions are winning some form of autonomy. Rossner also believes that this might give Canadian labor a better position in the government-business-labor triangle. "So powerful are the multinational corporations that they hold a lot of governments at ransom," he says. "Where is the system of checks and balances in that? Labor will have to take the lead. In Canada, at least, we're beginning to realize that fact." ♦

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# Small victories in the war on cancer

By Diane Francis

It is still a war for believers, sluggish in battles fought in laboratories, clinics and boardrooms throughout North America against the disease that claims one in four lives. Only a few decades ago the arsenal was slight, the war chest a meagre \$1.5 million—less than many countries spent to "sell soap," researchers at the U.S. Food and Drug Administration say. But this year the war on cancer being waged by establishment researchers is financed by more than \$1 billion. And while victory is elusive, battles are being won on the chemical front.

The battlefield is increasingly America's dollar torso (last year \$1.64 billion was devoted to the cause by the U.S. cancer establishment, compared with \$26 million in Canada), but the contribution of Canadian-based researchers has started to reap recognition. While researchers continue for a vaccine to eliminate the complex killer, surgery, chemotherapy and radiation remain the most effective treatment methods. In centres such as Toronto, Edmonton and Vancouver, which contain some of the most complete and most active radiation treatment facilities in the world, important work is under way into radio-receptors—drugs that enhance the effectiveness of radiation therapy.

The two drugs, estramustine and misimostine, and the assault on cancer by acting on oxygen-deficient cells deep in tumours, making them more susceptible to destruction by radiation. In animal tests, they have proven an effective support weapon. Now they are being administered orally to test groups of patients to determine their safety, and then their effectiveness in treatment of human cancers. "This research is extremely exciting and Canada is making a great contribution," says Peter Subodoff, assistant secretary-general of the National Cancer Institute of Canada (NCIC).

More alluring is the potential as a treatment drug is a substance known to medical science for 30 years and now seen optimistically as an ultimate drug, capable of converting everything from the common cold to cancer. Called interferon, it is part of nature's own immunity system, a protein secreted naturally by

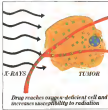
the body's cells when they are threatened by invasion of disease organisms such as viruses and bacteria. In the late 1960s a scientific team in France and another at Dalhousie University in Halifax discovered that interferon also inhibits the growth of tumour cells. But what has excited clinical researchers in their efforts to further tap nature's wonder drug is a critical shortage of supply. The protein is so costly to produce artificially that if it were possible to make a pound of it, the estimated price would be \$32 billion. Under one



Tao and interferon inhibitor nature's wonder drug, 'smuggling of a new era'

current production method—extracting interferon from white blood cells that have been infected with a virus—blood from 30,000 donors was required to fill a \$2-million order last year from the American Cancer Society (ACS) for tests on 150 cancer patients. With total treatment costs estimated at up to \$40,000 per patient, it is an unlikely treatment option of tomorrow, or next week or next month. Still, the results of the ACS trials are promising. In Houston, Dr. Jordan Glickman reported remissions in 32 of 38 cancer patients treated with interferon at the M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute.

At the forefront of interference research is Calgary molecular biochemist W.B. (Chris) Tao. His lab at the University of Calgary last year was the first of three in the world to isolate pure interferon in order to study its chemical structure. Says Tao, "Interferon is the tip of the iceberg—it is the opening of a new era in biology." Tao, like others around the world, is working toward cloning interferon to speed production. Another production method, developed by Tao and three colleagues in 1985 at the University of Pittsburgh, has been patented by the U.S. government. Called superinterferon, it produces interferon by exposing cells to a mixture of other chemicals and offers perhaps the best hope that demand for the substance may be met. Tao is the only Canadian and one of the first researchers worldwide to conduct clinical safety trials of the second method of producing interferon. Of 14 cancer pa-



tients in Alberta given the substance, none suffered toxic side effects, and the Calgary molecular biochemist says he hopes to test its effectiveness in treating cancer in combination with other drugs sometime next year.

Meanwhile, the U.S. National Cancer Institute is expected to contract this year for production of 100 billion units of interferon to conduct experimental therapy on several hundred cancer patients. The ACS's \$2-million order last year was for 10 billion units. Not surprisingly, the funding of trials has resulted in a flurry of activity among researchers and drug companies eager to develop a quick, economical process. Dr. Alexander Vabnick, a former Soviet scientist and now a research associate at the University of Toronto, was snapped up as a production consultant by a New York-based company, National Parent Development Corp., which plans to modify its interferon production facility at New Brunswick, New Jersey. Vabnick, a microbiologist whose book, *Interferon and Non-Specific Resistance* will be published as the U.S. next month, says the substance has already been proven effective in treating cancer in Sweden, Finland, Yugoslavia and Japan. He predicts it will be a broadly used commercial drug within two or three years. But doctors in North America generally are wary of cancer.

While national scientists like interferon may work well in treating of can-

Subodoff (left), research, building connection, Canada's giant contribution



cer, they may be useless once the disease mutates, says Dr. Robert Heston, head of the immunity unit at the U.S. NCI in Bethesda, Maryland. "Failing to find the right substance in the right amounts to imitate what the body can do naturally often would make the cancer worse than it was," he says. "As far as I'm concerned the only route research should take is to develop preventive vaccines." His team is doing just that and after five years' work reports an 80-per-cent success rate injecting mice, rats and rats with inactivated tumour cells to trigger immune production. The mice efforts have been astounding: immunized animals against cancer has also implied the lifespan of mice, for instance, to three years. Elsewhere, now immunizing chimpanzees and within a year or two plans to vaccinate a sizeable group of high-risk humans, members of so-called "cancer families." These individuals can be identified through a skin



biopsy to determine whether they are the one out of every two offspring in a cancer family who has inherited a cancer-prone gene.

While such vaccines may be nearly worthless, because of testing risks, recent research in three labs offers hope that a completely safe vaccine can be produced. At the Mayo Clinic and the Harvard University Medical School, scientists have successfully developed a "half" vaccine against the Kaposi-Barr virus which causes Kaposi's disease and has been associated with two forms of cancer. The teams have found a way to free viruses of 100% (deoxyribonucleic acid)—the chemical of heredity presumed to carry the genetic order that transforms a normal cell into a cancerous one. While scientists still haven't pinned cancer down to a virus, international studies also link liver cancer with hepatitis B virus (HBV). Dr. Robert Heston and Dr. Irving Millman of the Fox Chase Cancer Center in Philadelphia have developed a vaccine against HBV. It is being tested on humans now after success with lower primates.

The Canadian NCI says tests with other, less-publied-tested drugs have been promising. In Edmonton, six of 24 patients with advanced cancers responded to monthly treatments of anti-tumor drug Ara-A. Phosphates, says Dr. Gerald Leisen, NCIC research unit director. In Toronto, 48 patients given x-ray-125, a cheaply produced synthetic thought to be an effective interferon-inducer, have survived in greater numbers than usual following surgery for stomach, gastro-intestinal and pancreatic cancers, says Dr. Rudy Falk of Toronto General Hospital. And in Ottawa, another vaccine given to 28 Canadians following lung cancer surgery four years ago has resulted in a survival rate of 81-per-cent, compared with 60-per-cent survival with 94 patients who didn't receive the vaccine, says Dr. Thomas Stewart of the University of Ottawa.

Without a doubt, the massive investment in cancer research is helping science increase its arsenal of weaponry. The talent and willingness, says eager American fund-raiser Mary Lasker of New York, providing enough money is available to finance the transition from petri dish to patient. "To do a first-class, full job we must spend \$3 billion a year." But money, most surely be a matter of money, cautions James Bonough of the Medical Research Council of Canada. "It still takes individual researchers with the ability and self-confidence to battle against conventional medical wisdom for years." □

# A spy cast out of the house of love

SMILEY PEOPLE  
by John le Carré  
(Murray/Hendon House, \$19.95)

**T**he measure of le Carré's excellence is that his villains of today expect so much from him. They know that his thrillers will be stylish and unpropagandist, they know that as a former spy himself le Carré will give them a sharper vision of the intelligence services than any other writer. They love his shabby heroes and they wait more of the same. The measure of le Carré's excellence is that in *Smiley's People* he gives them all they could want in the way of irony, excitement, craftsmanship—but still writes a disappointing book.

This is his 10th novel, his eighth thriller, and it takes up where *Tinker, Tinker, Soldier, Spy* and *The Honourable Schoolboy* left off with the declining British secret service and its misfit, most famous representative, George Smiley. *le Carré* also breaks new ground, writing retrospectively and at length about the "dark" sides of Western Europe—refugees from the Soviet Union, maintained by their stations well or by grand diabolical schemes. In his portrait of Maria Gutzkow, a Russian widow in Paris, le Carré has superbly created a woman, viewed for him. It's never fair to describe his plots; suffice it to say that the schemes and deaths of a few others bring Smiley out of retirement, with the unexpected chance to gain revenge on his bitterest enemy: Karla, the head of Moscow's dreaded KGB Directorate.

*Smiley's People* is a chilling book. "On Karla has descended the curse of Smiley's compassion on Smiley the curse of Karla's fanaticism." These deadly adversaries might, in the end, be brothers fighting with Moscow's weapons, using Moscow rules. Smiley has to bury love. But here is the central weakness of the book. le Carré no longer seems terribly interested in his hero. Smiley has become predictable. Any, his promise was wide, resistant a cardboard manna. The pattern of *Smiley's People* belongs to the refugees, once the agents take over, the novel is sheer technique.



Le Carré (above), McCarthy, the director of *Flaw*, the tight race of espionage



le Carré

It could well have as an epigraph the words with which Graham Greene prefaced his latest novel, *The Human Factor*: "I only know that he who does a lie is lost. There is no corruption has entered into his soul." Greene can be

deafened by the primitive mechanism of his espionage, but he knows human beings to the bone. Le Carré shares that dry, melancholy tone: he is superb at the business of plotting, the craft of story-telling. And it's not enough. Like an absorbing game of chess, *Smiley's People* thrills and puzzles. But perhaps le Carré will never write the novel of his life unless his passion understands his method, and he forgets the slowness of his pace. **Mark Achley**

## The wrong stuff

CANNIBALS AND MISCONCEIVED  
by Mary McCarthy  
(Vintage Press, \$14.95)

**A**n ill-fated fight against character carefully typed, a poetry-writing senator in the mould of Eugene McCarthy, a "friendly, outgoing chatterbox" who heads a woman's college and who is the centre of the novel lets out four little screams, three shrills and one wail, a pair of homosexual art collectors, a third-wave but tender female "new journalist", in place

of a man with a guitar, a piano-playing painter and his frail, aged mentor, an ideological reaction of terrorists. Put them all together and you have *Dispersed* '76 to '79. Take away the excitement and *Cannibals and Misconceptions* remains.

Mary McCarthy's intelligence works against her, for this is an intellectual's idea of what a disaster-suspense novel should be. The terrorists have hijacked this particular fight because on board is a small citizens' committee of liberals planning to investigate the Bush of Iran (it is not during Gerald Ford's reign of error). When the *Dispersed* discover that in first-class or some fabulously wealthy art collectors on a plane, they decide to take their art collections as ransom. Because McCarthy seems intent on taking the drama out of "hot-take-taking dramas", the captives seem to do little but hold lengthy and dull discussions on essay-questions topics such as the value of art versus the value of life. For all her observations about the relations between the liberals and the seditions, between hostages and captors—most of which do not ring true—she cannot hide the strings tying her puppets to what they stand for. And the ending disappoints even on the intellectual level. McCarthy acknowledges Hannah Arendt, "who heard a lecture I gave... on 'Art Values and the Value of Art' and said afterwards, 'You should draw on that for a novel.'" Even if this meant the novel was Arendt's feast, it is wrong to speak so unkindly of one who is gone and surely accused.

David Weinberger

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- FICTION
1. *Life Before War*, Atwood (1)
  2. *The Devil's Alternative*, Forsyth (2)
  3. *Smiley's People*, le Carré (3)
  4. *Chances*, Maclean (4)
  5. *The Last Enchantment*, Stewart (4)
  6. *The Establishment*, Palf (16)
  7. *Seedlings*, Gosselin
  8. *The Moscow Circle*, Lofgren (7)
  9. *Radiant*, Scherer (2)
  10. *The Green Ripper*, MacDonell

## NONFICTION

1. *The Blue-Eyed Shrike*, Foster (2)
2. *And His Wife Said*, Minkoff (1)
3. *Children's Choice*, Sennels (6)
4. *Academy's Code Book*, Blacklock (5)
5. *White House Years*, Kissinger (10)
6. *Politics of Deception*, Camp
7. *James Earl Ray's Testimony*, Harlow (3)
8. *The Art of Emily Carr*, Stedman (3)
9. *Great Speeches*, Minto
10. *Who Killed John Edgar Hoover?*, Trotter (1)

1. 17 pages in text



Carlos Velez: Seven years old, lives on protection from the law. Family still suffer from child. Child still visibly weak. Carl is 5'8" or 5'9". Carol hopes for improvement.

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Dance

## Lady dances the blues

by Lawrence O'Toole

**S**he stands there in an old dress, hair falling regally below her waist. She's listening to the sorrow-wedged wails of bluesman Tom Waits singing his down-and-out version of *Walking Man*. Suddenly, her feet graze, her calf muscles turn rigid as rock, her arms and hands shake, then shoot out with fervid fervor. As quickly as it was ignited, the fire in her joints, the muscles relax, lyrically shifting her weight, she deploys her flesh as though it were glass being blown. But again the image cracks and she whips in spaces around the stage, hair slicing through space.

Dancer Margee Gillis tells a short and snappy story of Waits's wasted-days-and-lovely-nights song. She walks, happy, as an imaginary partner but

soon she's alone again in a crowd on a Sunday night. With her body as a brush she paints a picture of the moment when there's fascination to be found in the lighted tip of a cigarette, in the lantern-like sex cubes shimmering inside a whiskey glass. At the end, alone, crying, she wipes away the wet strands of hair clinging to the side of her face. Margee Gillis does what few dancers have done and what no other dancer does more expressively: she dances the blues.

Arriving out of the numbers of anonymity last year, she has, in honor a cliché, taken the country by storm. Recently dance critic William Lattin of the *Times* *Star*, never one to throw his hat too high into the air, praised her "museums of images the like of which I've never encountered on a Canadian stage." Other critics neatly constructed her as a screaming for superlatives, some



Gillis and the Great Wall of China (left), in performance during current Canadian tour (above) (below) the young dancer with her mother, Fiona, a martyr with bleeding feet

have even whispered the hallowed name of the great modern dance pioneer Isadora Duncan after seeing Gillis perform. Her one-woman show, which toured Canada early in 1993, sold out—without it for a solo dancer. People as well-versed in modern dance as they are in quantum physics are turning out in droves to see her. Even more successful than the first, her current tour, which

began in November in Toronto and is now passing through British Columbia, will not take her back home to her sparsely fanned left shoe a man's ducking move in Montreal until the end of February. Last summer Gillis and her lover-manager Jack Ubbahsen tangled along with a tour group to China. The Chinese, seeing her dance in a large, open field—and never having seen anything quite like it—absorbed her into their 2,000-year theories, treating her like a visiting deity. They asked her to give master classes in both the Peking and Shanghai ballets, then unofficially invited her back for next year. She became the first modern dancer to perform and teach in China.

At 34, Margee Gillis is, in her own way, the typical Canadian artist who has made it: recognized outside her own country first—in China—before being truly accepted inside it. She's also a typical actor of the '90s. But she's brilliantly atypical in the way she drugs. As "in" front of motion. The story of that typical Canadian artist, that typical child of the '90s, has a slight ache in it. It's a bit of a horror story. Call it Canadian Gothic.

First, there's her courtship with self-

abuse. Like every modern dancer Gillis has gone through her starving-artist-what-on-the-name-of-God-are-we-going-to-do-with-the-potatoes-this-evening phase. But unlike most modern dancers she didn't forget about her well-being. In China she danced on splintered stages (the Chinese never dance barefoot) until she was bleeding badly. Doctors pursued her with antibiotics and warned her to stop, she wouldn't. "One of the things I do to warm up before a performance," she confides in her wispy, little-girl voice, "is to close my eyes and run around the stage to get a feel of what the area is like. During the performance I become so immersed in what I'm doing that I don't really know what I'm doing." The result is often the sound of bone cracking on floor. In *Learning How to Die*, a work she created herself (she choreographs most of what she dances), an enormous stomach contraction seems to push her all the way to the back of the stage, as though she were fed by some invisible force. The spirit of possession seems to inform her dancing. "Pan is part of life, and you shouldn't avoid it with Valium and Ty," she says. It's the meek-mannered and

committed ascetic from the '60s snowing upon the vagaries of the '90s.

Being a confessed spiritual holdover from the '60s, she's quick to reject the complacent. Her fatigue with the left's self-detract style of the past decade's rock culture has become part of her temperament. "I became *Jesus* again for two whole months, even became an alcoholic during that short time. She was dancing when she sang—feeling so powerfully that her entire body couldn't stop moving." She stops for a moment, as if to confirm something with herself. "I love excess. Yes, I do like excess."

While that excess is part of the moving performances that audiences and jaded critics alike respond to, it takes its toll on Gillis. Before every performance she has to throw up. "Every time I perform I have second thoughts about what I'm doing," Jackie [Ubbahsen] is always there to hold my head when I throw up. In the care of me I don't doubt at all the validity of what I'm doing. It's the outer part of my personality that runs around and throws up." There's the elegant hint of the martyr's delight in various varieties of flagellation in the way she speaks, respectfully, of throwingup. As a child she was given



Wrestle Twins in 1942. Fame as liver spots

a book she constantly read—an Vincent van Gogh, who cut off his ear during a moment of depressive inspiration. Confronting the world, balled down to the size of an acorn, is perhaps for Margie Gillis a glimpse into her own frightening past—*dijk vu sent* by the devil.

Her "wacks" phase began when she was seven years old, in Oregon, and lasted until she was 18. "My father came back from Vermont one day and said to my mother, 'Hi, Rhona, I'm splitting.' 'What the f--- are you talking about?' she replied. But our wack and my mother literally collapsed, went into a state of nerves where she didn't realize she had children, didn't feed us and developed typhoid fever. The minister, whose name was Reverend Church, took care of us."

She continues, after Udashkin has suggested that maybe she shouldn't "After that we moved to my birthplace, Montreal, and I just couldn't handle it any longer. My mother was involved in her own horror, her own pain, and it was just... an extremely difficult time. I felt in some way responsible for what had happened. I was screaming, banging on the windows, refusing to get out of bed, having hysterics every day. I was a horror to live with. One of the nannies I'm afraid to have children as that I'll have one like me."

She did return to life, but by a circumstantial route. "One of the things that happened to me during that time was that my hair fell out, because my nerves were so bad, I went west to Arizona to visit my father and had been given a wig to wear. I was 13. I didn't feel like a human being again. I had a neighbor in Arizona, who was into racism, and we'd sit and talk rationally about it. He was my best friend to the rest of the world. Talking racism might appear crazy, but he was *cool* to me." [She doesn't

mention that the friend did commit suicide.]

So, Margie Gillis shook hands with the rest of the world. "After you come out of a depression you get hyper-high-spirer-happy. I'd bounce around, never explaining anything to anybody, go in and out of the house at all hours." At about the same time she discovered the rest of the world, the rest of the world discovered the "Wile. Mery, danced to Leonard Cohen and Loggins and Messina, where Gillis non read and roared the stage in an airburst of profane joy, some a valentine to that time or at least to the American people have far it. "Mery is a place of hope, potential and possibility. I would not like to leave someone raw with my, 'Welcome Mother!—to us them with not sold into the street. One of the things I try to do in my work is to make people remember, or re-remember, how magical things are." It was dance that kept her from slipping back into months depression. Now when she depressed she sleeps it off.

Breakdown aside, she had the added asset of a successful image to live up to. Her parents, Gene Gillis and Rhona Wile, were famous Olympic athletes in the '60s. Her mother and sister shared an even brighter highlight as Canada's athletic Wrestle Twins, siblings who were second only to the Duane Quataplets in the fame game. But instead of rebelling against the family tradition, Gillis embraced the most noble sport of all: dance. (Her younger brother Dave plays for the Vancouver Canucks, her sister Nancy was a freelance singer and new media, and Gillis herself has coached the Canadian National Freestyle Ski Team.) "A lot of people have been asking me lately about fame. My mother was incredibly famous. People would phone her family every day just to ask what the twins were eating. Just to ask what the twins were eating?" says Gillis. "Fame never stopped my family from having an extremely difficult time of things and it never stopped them from having financial problems. Fame is this arbitrary concept—an 'out there' kind of thing where you function on an 'out there' level."

Fame hasn't yet stopped Margie Gillis from having financial problems, either. She and Udashkin are in debt, they stay with friends while on tour and Gillis dances in every space she can find. Leisure time in Montreal consists of "getting stressed [between bookings] as the Mery and heading in." Some life is composed mostly of "listening to hockey games on the radio," as well as "corral people stuff." Canadian conditioning—with '60s regret.

To Gillis' Trilby, Udashkin plays Strangelove, switching out for her well-being in interviews and pushing inter-

ture her way, but to mention holding her head during the vomiting scenes. In one of the more bizarre courtship rituals on record, Udashkin walked into her living room one day, took the telephone apart, put it together again and walked out without so much as a "How do you do?" and without ever looking at Gillis (Udashkin had had a similar, but shorter, breakdown). Now they have their common past—and Margie's career—to bind them together.

As fame inches up behind her, the liver spots that suddenly appear one day, Gillis swears her baptism by fire into the world of the media. "They ask me to go spill my guts and they don't really give a damn. They blantly stick their feet in my stomach and I feel like crying. 'Will you kindly get your foot out of my stomach and your hands out of my heart and just f--- off.'" Still, she accounts to the temptation to "tell all," which is perhaps a carry-over from the way she tells all when she dances.

On the stage she rarely dances. The remarkable thing about it is that Gillis doesn't have a good dancer's body, she's too heavily muscled, not at all attenuated and elegant, and pipe-toed to boot. Her training hasn't been particularly extensive or meaningful. The other remarkable thing about all this is that it doesn't make a difference. In her dancing, apart from all the canine calisthenics, everything seems to emanate from some clear, sales centre. It doesn't matter that she's not so much only a product of that her beliefs are present. She evokes mood, works into the music whether it's Bach or Loggins and Messina, abbreviates every raw feeling until she impresses it for the audience to see. She knows what few strokes in the movement is like under fluorescent lighting. She doesn't like nobody else.

Her abandon and her past seem to point to a free spirit. Superficially, yes, but she's also iconographically Canadian. Nobody knows how to be free. Nobody knows what freedom means. Freedom means tempering one's actions—self-discipline. Freedom does not mean tearing wild all over the place. "In other words, *idiot*, such as *Justin* [Justin Trudeau], don't really seem a good and freedom is not just another word for nothing left to be. Like any good child of the '60s, she has learned her lesson well.

And like the good Canadian she is, hockey games and all, she sees a strange kind of freedom in her careful, odd, stammering beautiful country. "There's a kind of freedom in the clarity in our landscapes, here in our snow, our trees, our animals and our landscape." And, as if to reach some definition of what she does and where she's headed, she says, "If we could just tap that, then we would have something that is very exquisite and raw." ☐



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## Photography

# Heroic and human explorations

**R**obert Flaherty's vision of the North, a harsh environment where furs play out the rituals of survival in black and white against the barren, is one that has dominated the perceptions of southerners since the release of his 1922 documentary masterpiece, *Nanook of the North*. It was an explorer's vision: real people—Nanook, his wife and child—painted in terms of porphy, heroism and hardship, and while it earned Flaherty the title in perpetuity of "Father of Documentary



Film," it also trapped him in a search for other cultures whose struggle was with nature, sending him to Samoa (*Moon, 1928*), to the Aztec Islands (*Men of Arica, 1940*), even to the Deep South (*Loose-ness Story, 1940*)—his own struggle being to fit them people to his pattern. The documenting of Robert Flaherty had been thought complete, all the evidence in, but a striking new addition to his

Kanajuk (above), Baffin Island, 1913-1914. Flaherty had worried my food.



work is only now coming to light, with the recent Vancouver Art Gallery exhibition of pre-Nanook photographs of the Arctic, work his many biographers had either overlooked or ignored.

Flaherty's was an explorer's vision because that is what he was, how he earned his livelihood: *Nanook*. He was born in Michigan but spent much of his youth in Fort Arthur (Thunder Bay). Baffled for penials from Upper Canada College, he became an explorer and iron-ore prospector for Edwardian frontiers and railway magnate Sir William Mackenzie, making four trips to the eastern Arctic from 1900 to 1914. Photography, a necessary tool of exploration, soon claimed him, and he persuaded Mackenzie and then Revillon Frères (the company to finance two early films (the first) and *Nanook of the North*) to finance his work, buying cameras, heavy harness, developing equipment and film, even projection equipment. Flaherty lived entire winters with the Inuit on the shores of Hudson Bay. It is the refinement of stills from those winters that is causing the current ethnographic as well as artistic excitement.

It was only by accident that Vancouver Art Gallery curator Jo Anne Hirsh Dunder discovered she was living next door to Flaherty's grandson in Toronto in the early '80s. Through him she met the filmmaker's daughter, Monica, who showed her some prints and told her that in 1972 Flaherty's widow (he died in 1951) had deposited the original glass plates in the Robert and Frances Flaherty Study Center at the school of theology in Claremont, California. Doubtfully intrigued, Birnie Dunder traveled to California expecting to find 40 or 50 images—and unearthed 1,800.

In what she calls a "reparation on a grand scale," she arranged to have the images sent on loan to the Pacific Northwest National Photography Collection in Ottawa where the fragile negatives were carefully transferred to modern

film, now available for research. Birnie Dunder selected 137 photographs for the Vancouver show, which will travel in simultaneous tours north to Inuit communities and south to Thunder Bay, Toronto and New York. Part of the reparation, poems, Birnie Dunder hopes, will be tracing the subjects of the pictures through descendants and Arctic elders who visit the exhibition. "We're not simply sending back photo-

graph," she says. "These are visual documents of people's lives that have been lost to them."



What have been found are strong, intimate portraits of Inuit faces and lifestyles. Unlike those of his American contemporary Edward Curtis, who emphasized the exotic, outward aspects of North American Indian culture, Flaherty's photographs are gaudy and human, stark evocations of character.

The early version of the Inuit is especially striking considering how it looks out the Arctic but always laughing and childlike people readily absorbed in the public imagination through *Nanook of the North*. These portraits are serene and self-possessed. The faces, frequently lit from both sides to accent soft textures of skin and dark hair against heavy fur and leather, are dignified. While some of the portraits are pointedly in the Victorian tradition—subjects posed to emphasize noble line or bearing, eyes focused on middle distance—most are direct, confronting the viewer. One such, a companion whose hunting and guiding skills allowed Flaherty to be the first white man to cross the northern Ungava Peninsula, is shown mouthed and intense, a person quietly confident of his strength.

The rest of the exhibition—supplementary photographs of the Arctic, Inuit drawings Flaherty encouraged his companions to make and posed poses still



for *Nanook*—clearly show where Flaherty had been and where he was to come, both complicating and enriching our understanding of his viewpoint. The stills are poster-like, dramatized the hunter posed to throw his lance, the father instructing his wide-eyed toddler—the exaggerated naturalism and simple character portrait of silent film. The famous scene of *Nanook* hanging it up in astonishment at the magic board voice issuing from a gramophone (challenged by photographs of Flaherty's crew, uncomfortable, even casual, with the technical equipment).

That Flaherty did not tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth in *Nanook*—ignoring modern Inuits as Inuit lives, staging the walrus hunt, dressing his cast in decades of clothing of a type they had ceased to wear, building an overcast igloo, then cutting away half its roof to film the family scene inside, changing *Nanook's* name from *Allakariallak*—has caused charges of fakery to be brought against him. The documentary form holds out the illusion of absolute truth and Flaherty's work cannot avoid all the problems of how the urge to tell diorama what's being told, still unresolved for many modern filmmakers. What Flaherty did try to document was his truth, one that is further revealed by the early Inuit portraits. "The urge that I had to make *Nanook*," he wrote the year before he died, "came from the way I felt about these people, my admiration for them... In so many struggles you see, the filmmaker looks down on his subject as his subject. He is always the big man from New York or from London. But I had been dependent on these people, alone with them for months at a time... They had wanted my feet... It is my regret that my hands were too numb to grip myself... I wish I had done anything about them. In the end it is all a constant of human relationships."

Blair Wadman



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